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THE FIRST MAN TO FLY NON-STOP FROM NEW YORK TO PARIS AND CROSS THE NORTH ATLANTIC ALONE: CAPTAIN CHARLES LINDBERGH (LEFT), WITH THE U.S. AMBASSADOR TO FRANCE, AT THE EMBASSY IN PARIS.

Captain Charles Lindbergh, the young American airman who achieved the wonderful feat of a non-stop flight, alone, across the Atlantic from New York to Paris, is here seen on the balcony of the United States Embassy there, after his arrival, with the American Ambassador to France, Mr. Myron T. Herrick. There was a cheering crowd below, in the Avenue d'Iena. While the enthusiasm was at its height, a French flag was brought out, at Captain Lindbergh's request,

and, as he and Mr. Herrick stood together holding it, he saluted it as a tribute to Captain Nungesser and his companion. Captain Lindbergh, who is twenty-five, is an American air-mail pilot. His mother, Mrs. Evangeline Lindbergh, lives at Detroit, Michigan, and from Paris he talked with her by wireless telephone. He also visited Mme. Nungesser, and expressed his hope that her son would be found. Further photographs appear on pages 938 and 939.



BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE longer I live the more often I find that the same word is used to cover two different things, and even two flatly contrary things. Of course, there are examples even in everyday speech in which this is so. We could easily construct sentences in which the same word could be used twice and in opposite senses. It would be so if we said, "He seized the pistol in a nervous grip and levelled it, though he knew his Aunt Maria was nervous of firearms." Something of the sort would appear even if we merely said, "I might have had a fine crop of hair, only I have had it all cropped short." But I am referring to something beyond these verbal accidents.

Ideas of a larger and more popular sort also have this double sense. Thus a sceptic is often described as a man relying on his reason. But the real sceptic is the man who will not rely on his reason. The complete sceptic is the man who is as sceptical of reason as of everything else. Some old-fashioned parson might say that the Bible was being questioned by sceptics and rationalists. But nowadays it is the rationalist who is being questioned by the sceptic. It is the sceptic who is being denounced by the rationalist. That is to say, as words are still used in practice in the world, it is the one kind of sceptic who is being denounced by another kind of sceptic. The one means what Huxley would call scientific inquiry; the other means what Balfour would call philosophic doubt. In ancient Greece there were many sceptics so independent that they mocked at worldly success and practical politics. In India there are still sceptics so scornful and unfathomable that they despise all machinery and material action, and even the material universe. They are such complete sceptics that many think them saints.

But there is one department in which I have especially noted the recognition of one notion, when there are really two contrary notions. And that is in the idea of patriotism, and even rather especially in the idea of local patriotism. When two men both say that they are devoted to the village of Bumps-in-the-Puddle, that they wish to do their very best for that charming rural resort, that they are proud of being citizens of such a township or children of such a soil, it might well be supposed that the two would become like brothers, that they would embrace with enthusiasm, and be seen walking about arm-in-arm everywhere. As a fact, they are invariably found fighting each other tooth and nail, knocking each other about in the market-place; or at least, in more degenerate days, denouncing and reviling each other in the Borough Council or the bar parlour. Nor does the dispute arise from slight differences about whether an improvement or a restoration should be of this or that kind; whether the repainted fence should be blue or green, or the bouquet presented to the Duchess be of pinks or carnations. It arises, when it really arises at all, from a diametrically opposite idea of direction. Everything that the one man does the other man disapproves; everything

that the first effects to make things better is felt by the second to make things worse.

The point is that each of them is perfectly sincere when he says he would do anything for Bumps-in-the-Puddle. Each of them is even sincere when he accuses the other of insincerity. For they cover inconsistent notions with the same name. One of them means, when he says he is working for Bumps, that he is working to make Bumps bigger or more important or more successful; that he wishes it to expand in an imperialistic spirit, as if to a brass band and a national anthem of "What Ho! She Bumps!" The other man means by helping Bumps chiefly helping it to remain Bumps. He knows why he likes it, and he does not wish to lose all the things

exasperating and excessive about the second patriot. Let us agree he may sometimes have resisted sensible reforms or gone to unreasonable extremes. But, as between the two extremes, his is in fact much the more reasonable. And that is the fact that it is so hard to get the other patriot to see. Reason, in the highest sense of clear thinking and logic, is on the side of the old-fashioned patriot. The conservative is reasonable because he wishes to retain his reasons for liking the place. The other man only wants to preserve the name of the place—when he does not (as he often does) want to alter that too. He cannot think clearly enough to tell you what *thing* it is that he really wishes to perpetuate. He cannot even tell you what thing it is that he wishes to improve. He would alter every single thing to something

totally different, and then talk as if something had been strengthened when everything has been destroyed. He would take away the Puddle from Bumps, and then take away Bumps from the Puddle; and then go on saying that the good and glory of Bumps-in-the-Puddle has been the goal of his life. He generally succeeds and becomes a very important person in the town—or at least upon the site of the town.

Now, in trying to strike a fair balance between the two types, it is reasonable to consider which way the balance now actually inclines. I do not deny that there were periods in the past history of Bumps-in-the-Puddle when it was sunken too deep in its puddle and needed more awakening and alteration than it ever got. But at this moment the mistake is all the other way; and it is a huge and hideous mistake, a mistake against common-sense. It is against reason, it is against the nature of things, to improve anything off the face of the earth. If that is the object, it ought not to be improvement; it ought to be destruction; and it ought to be called destruction. A thing should be mended or ended; but mending and ending are opposite things. You mend a toy because you like it; you break it because you don't like it. When this distinction is lost in mere confusion of thought, as it is in a vast number of modern "improvements," the result will ultimately be the result of all unreasonable actions; the result of sawing off the branch on which you sit or killing the goose that lays the golden eggs.

So it is, for instance, if you deliberately leave the town because you want to live in the country; and then proceed, for your own convenience, to make the country exactly like the town. The time will come when you will repeat the same futile operation all over again, because unreasonable people always have to do their work twice. All over the country may be seen the progress of this futility; and it is always called efficiency. But I do not deny that this matter of local patriotism has also a larger application in imperial and international affairs. The more subtle reader has perhaps guessed that the other name of Bumps-in-the-Puddle is England; and it may not be necessary to name the newer suburb whose influence is sweeping over it.



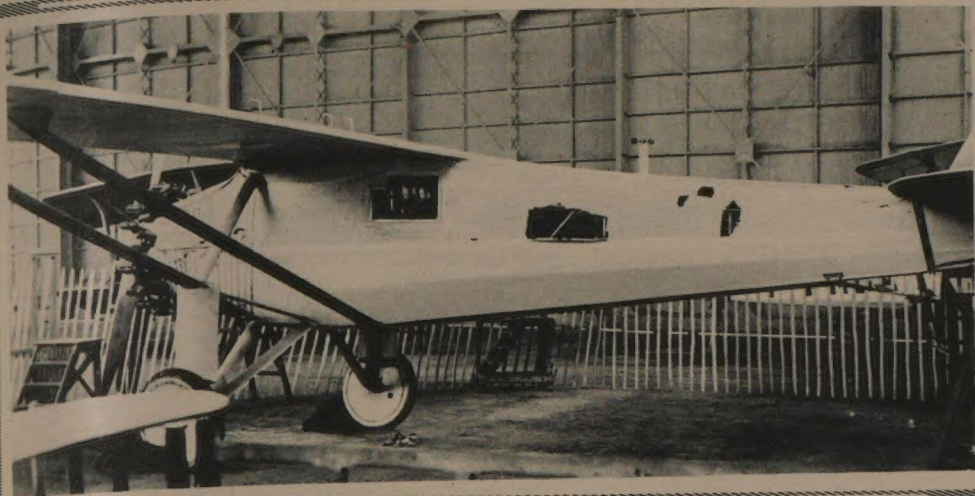
"HERE I AM IN THE HANDS OF AMBASSADOR HERRICK": CAPTAIN LINDBERGH (IN CENTRE) THE ATLANTIC AIRMAN, WITH THE AMBASSADOR, OUTSIDE THE UNITED STATES EMBASSY IN PARIS, TO ACKNOWLEDGE THE OVATION OF A CHEERING MULTITUDE.

After landing at Le Bourget on the night of May 21 (see photographs on page 939), Captain Lindbergh, the hero of the single-handed non-stop flight from New York to Paris, was taken to the United States Embassy, where he slept. The next day, he made his appearance in a blue suit borrowed from a member of the Embassy staff, for he had brought only the flying kit he wore across the Atlantic. "It was a case of clothes or petrol," he said, "and I took the petrol." As noted on our front page, a great crowd gathered outside the Embassy and gave him a tremendous reception.

that he likes. He knows every feature and fine shade in which Bumps-in-the-Puddle differs from Dumps-in-the-Ditch; he exults and delights in the difference, and he wishes in every way to preserve it. Hence many of the things he loves really appear to his opponents to be meaningless or mischievous. They do not necessarily make the town successful, or make it habitable, or even make it beautiful, or in that sense make it better; they only make it Bumps. This sort of patriot of Bumps-in-the-Puddle wishes to preserve it in the Puddle. He resists the proposal to drain the puddle, to turn it into a skating-rink or a cricket-field, or a swimming-bath. He would preserve the holy city in its puddle, which serves it for the purpose of a wall or as a "moat defensive to a house"; that Bumps may continue to be (for him at least) "a precious gem set in the silver sea." Now, let us agree, in justice to the first patriot, that there may be and sometimes is something

THE LONE ATLANTIC FLIGHT: LANDING SCENES; EFFECTS OF SOUVENIR-HUNTING.

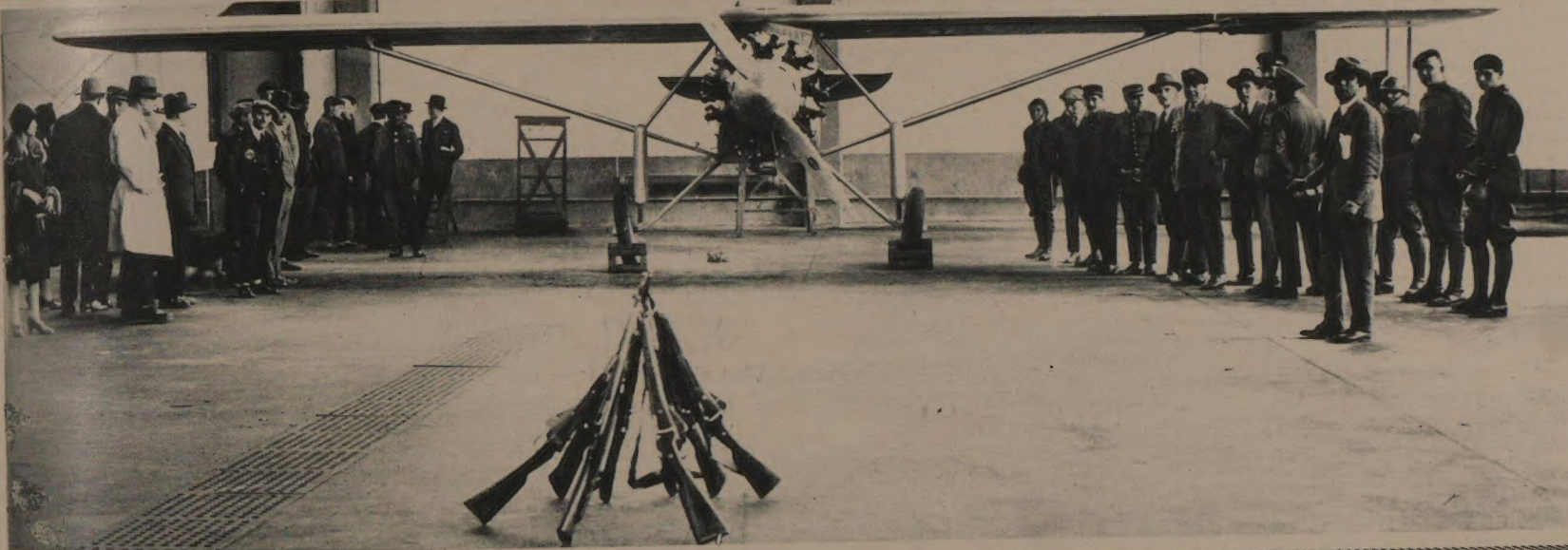
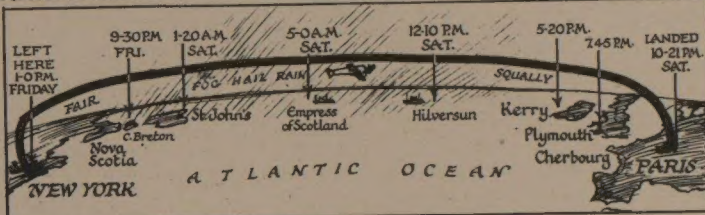
INSET MAPS BY COURTESY OF THE "TIMES" AND "DAILY EXPRESS."



SHOWING A WINDOW OF THE ENCLOSED CABIN, WHICH PROTECTED THE AIRMAN FROM WEATHER, AND HOLES TORN BY SOUVENIR-HUNTERS: CAPTAIN LINDBERGH'S MONOPLANE IN HANGAR AT LE BOURGET.



THE "SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS" IN FLIGHT: THE MACHINE IN WHICH CAPTAIN LINDBERGH FLEW FROM NEW YORK TO PARIS—SHOWING THE MICA ROOF OVER THE CABIN.



GUARDED BY FRENCH SOLDIERS, SOME OF WHOSE PILED ARMS ARE SEEN IN THE FOREGROUND: CAPTAIN LINDBERGH'S MONOPLANE IN THE LE BOURGET HANGAR—(INSET) MAPS SHOWING THE ROUTE (LEFT) AND (RIGHT) WEATHER CONDITIONS, TIMES, AND SHIPS SIGHTED.




RAILINGS BROKEN DOWN BY THE HUGE CROWD THAT SURGED OVER LE BOURGET AERODROME TO WELCOME CAPTAIN LINDBERGH, AND TRIED TO INVADE THE COMMANDANT'S HEADQUARTERS: THE SCENE NEXT DAY.




FRENCH SOLDIERS AND CIVILIANS LINKING ARMS TO FORM A CORDON ROUND CAPTAIN LINDBERGH'S AEROPLANE: A NIGHT SCENE JUST AFTER HIS LANDING ON THE AERODROME AT LE BOURGET.

Captain Lindbergh left New York about 12.50 p.m. on May 20, alone in his Ryan monoplane, "Spirit of St. Louis" (with a 220-h.p. Wright "Whirlwind" engine), and flew across the Atlantic, non-stop to Paris, landing at Le Bourget at 10.20 p.m. on May 21. The total distance was given as 3700 miles, and the time as 33½ hours. In his own story (in the "Express") he says: "The reception was the most dangerous part of my trip. Never have I seen anything like that human sea. It seemed to me more dangerous for my plane than for me. I saw one man tear away a switch. Another took something out of the cockpit.

When they started cutting pieces of cloth, I struggled to get back to the plane, but it was impossible." The flight itself was by no means devoid of peril, especially in the stormy weather he met near Newfoundland. As Sir Alan Cobham explained, his success was largely due to his being in an enclosed cabin, not exposed to the weather. It had a mica roof above, and side windows, but there was no forward view, except through a periscope. "The view I had on both sides," says Captain Lindbergh, "was quite good enough for navigating the ocean. The periscope was useful in starting from New York and in landing in Paris."



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



WART-HOGS AND WARTY-PIGS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

AN essay of mine which appeared on this page recently concerning that singular creature, the warthog, has brought me a most interesting letter and photograph from the Dutch East Indies. My correspondent, Mr. J. Olivier, has more than once sent me valuable notes and suggestions for this page, for which I am most grateful. His photograph is that of the "warty-pig" (*Sus verrucosus*), a native of Java and Borneo. As this photograph (Fig. 4) shows, it well deserves its name, for, as in the African warthog, the face is embossed with two pairs of huge excrescences, or "warts," sparsely covered with hair. One pair projects outwards below the eyes, another above the tusks. A third pair, not large enough to be seen in this photograph, is borne on the lower jaw.

In discussing these, in the case of the warthog, I suggested that they served to protect the eyes during fierce fights between rival boars. The same interpretation probably holds good here. There are further deductions, it seems to me, which may be drawn from these warts. But, before I touch upon these, let me say something as to the size of this animal. A full-grown boar, then, will stand at the withers some 2 ft. 8 in.; while from snout to the root of his tail he will measure about 4 ft. 10 in., between uprights. Even larger animals are on record; I have given the average size. When brought to bay they are decidedly dangerous animals. But, apart from the exhilaration which accompanies such encounters, they also furnish, it is said, extremely palatable food.

This species, like the wart-hog, is uniformly coloured at all stages of its growth, wherein it differs con-

head and neck of the various species of cassowary. For generations unnumbered, we are told, the males, during their ruthless fighting, lacerated one another's

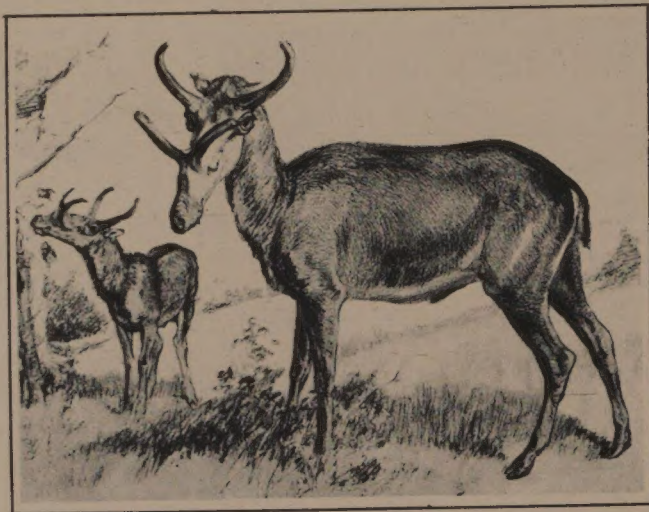


FIG. 1.—A PREHISTORIC ANIMAL OF THE LOWER MIOCENE, WITH TWO PAIRS OF HORNS: SYNDYOCERAS.

After Dr. W. B. Scott.

The great length of the face in *Syndyoceras* recalls that of the African hartebeeste, though there is no genetic relationship between them. The horns were probably skin-covered and hairy.

necks till at last feathers ceased to grow there, and the skin assumed the splendours we now see, reminiscences of the bruised and gory necks of ancient fights. The casque which surmounts the head, in like manner, was supposed to have arisen in consequence of blows rained on the crown by powerful strokes of the beak. A moment's consideration dispels the warrant for these assumptions. For the cassowary's weapon of offence is an elongated toe-nail—the beak is never used. And the apparently massive helmet is but a delicate shell of horn covering an exceedingly frail filagree-work of bone.

The factors which brought about the development of the "warts" in the above-mentioned pigs I cannot now discuss, because I want to consider them in their relation to the horns which hold a similar position in certain extinct ruminants. Turn, for example, to the fine restoration of that strange animal, *Protoceras*, by Dr. W. B. Scott, of Princeton University. It has been pictured for him (Fig. 2) by that

skilful delineator of extinct animals, Mr. Bruce Horsfall. Here, a pair of horns surmount the snout, and another the crown above the eyes. In the photograph of *Syndyoceras* (Fig. 1), of the Lower Miocene, we have a still more remarkable creature. But we reach the climax in the great *Uintatherium* (Fig. 3), of which a skeleton is to be seen in the British Museum. This creature, which lived in the still earlier Eocene, had the skull surmounted by no fewer than three pairs of bony excrescences. And, in addition to this formidable armature, it possessed a great pair of sabre-like tusks, which, when the mouth was closed, were protected by downwardly projecting flanges of bone borne on the lower jaw. These must receive separate mention.

Now, I suggest that these horn-like outgrowths, like the

enormous pair of horns borne on the snout of that singular giant, *Arsinoetherium*, discovered some years ago by Dr. Beadnell, had their origin in tubercles of indurated skin, such as form the "warts" of the members of the pig tribe just described. In the course of time these tubercles became invaded by a deposit of bone, forming, at first, a central core, and finally extending throughout the whole of the tissue. Not until much later, probably, did they become part and parcel of the skull. That is to say, they were still detachable from the skull, at any rate after death. And this because the "horns" of the okapi and the giraffe of to-day pass through these several stages, only becoming welded to the skull in the fully adult animal. They begin in the form of what Sir Ray Lankester calls "ossi-cusps."

But this theme of horns is not yet exhausted. In the living animals of to-day we have three types. The giraffe furnishes, perhaps, the most primitive. Herein we have a bony column—two pairs, and sometimes a median horn—covered during life with skin. The oxen show another form wherein the bony column is encased in horn, as was evidently the case with *Arsinoetherium*. The third type is that seen in the deer, wherein we find a bony shaft more or less elaborately branched, but which is at first covered with a hairy skin, known as the "velvet," that



FIG. 2.—AN EXTINCT RUMINANT WITH OUTGROWTHS AKIN TO THE WARTS OF THE WARTY-PIG: PROTOCERAS.

After Dr. W. B. Scott.

The horns above the snout of *Protoceras* had extremely wide bases, and were recurved. The pair above and behind the eyes took the form of bony columns, and, like those of the snout, were probably covered in hair.

later peels off. These horns, or "antlers," differ, however, from all the others in that they are shed and replaced annually. The prong-horned antelope presents us with an anomaly so far unexplained. Technically, it is a "hollow-horned" ruminant, for it displays horny sheaths encasing a bony core. But here the sheath is shed annually and replaced.

The horn of the rhinoceros is of yet another order. For this is made up of a number of agglutinated hairs, attached to the skull only by means of intensely tough fibrous tissue. Had such skulls only been known from fossils, no one would have suspected the existence of weapons of so singular a character. Perhaps the nearest approach to "horns" of this type is that furnished by the "bonnet" of the black and southern "right-whales." I have now said enough, I hope, to show that the "warts" of the African wart-hog and the "warty-pig," though by no means decorative, are emphatically interesting structures.



FIG. 3.—AN EARLY EOCENE ANIMAL THAT HAD THREE PAIRS OF BONY EXCRESCENCES: UINTATHERIUM.

After Dr. W. B. Scott.

It has been suggested that the pair of bony bosses over the snout of the huge and fantastic-looking *Uintatherium* may have borne horns like those of the rhinoceros. The head of the female (background) was but feebly armed. This extinct animal is named after the Uintah Mountains, in Utah.

spicuously from the "collared" pig (*Sus vittatus*), also found both in Java and Borneo, which is marked by a white streak running along the sides of the face to the neck. But the collared-pig presents yet another and very interesting difference, inasmuch as its young are longitudinally striped, like the young of the European wild-boar. Here we have a very puzzling point of divergence. If the young of the warty-pig can dispense with longitudinal stripes, why should they have persisted in the young of the collared-pig? Perhaps Mr. Olivier will be able to show us that the haunts of the two animals are markedly different, the environment of the collared-pig rendering stripes highly essential to survival. That is to say, youngsters congenitally defective in the development of their striping might, from that cause, become conspicuous to prowling carnivores. If the collared-pig is more common than the warty-pig, it would tend to show that this interpretation is correct.

And now as to the "warts." Those who believe in the transmission of "acquired characters" would probably explain their presence as the outcome of the inherited effects of laceration inflicted during generations of warfare between rival males. Such, at any rate, is the explanation which has been given to account for the brilliant hues which now glorify the



FIG. 4. EMBOSSED WITH TWO PAIRS OF "WARTS" (BELOW THE EYES AND ABOVE THE TUSKS): THE WARTY-PIG (*SUS VERRUCOSUS*) OF JAVA AND BORNEO.

Though the "warts" of the head of the "warty-pig" of Java are smaller than those of the African wart-hog, they are in all else similar. Further, we must regard them as structures acquired independently.

Photograph by Mr. J. Olivier. (Copyright).

ROYAL TOURNAMENT; AND ALDERSHOT TATTOO: THE OPENING; AND A "BLENHEIM" REHEARSAL.



THE OPENING OF THE FORTY-FOURTH ROYAL TOURNAMENT: THE SCENE WHEN HIS MAJESTY THE KING WAS TAKING THE SALUTE OF THE GUARDS OF HONOUR PROVIDED BY THE NAVY, THE ARMY, AND THE AIR FORCE.



A SPECTACULAR FEATURE OF THE DISPLAYS: ROPE-CLIMBING TO MUSIC BY THE ROYAL NAVY—A VERY POPULAR ITEM IN THIS YEAR'S PROGRAMME.



AT THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF SKILL-AT-ARMS AND THE BENEFIT OF SERVICE CHARITIES: THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN AT OLYMPIA.



IN THE ARENA BEFORE THE DISPLAYS OF THE FIRST DAY HAD STARTED: THE KING (IN THE UNDRRESS UNIFORM OF AN ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET) INSPECTING THE THREE GUARDS OF HONOUR.



PREPARATIONS FOR THE ALDERSHOT TATTOO, TO BE HELD IN ASCOT WEEK: LOADING ONE OF THE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY GUNS LENT BY THE PRESENT DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH FOR "THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM."



REHEARSING FOR "THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM": PRACTISING INFANTRY TACTICS AS USED IN 1704—MEN OF THE 2ND BUFFS IN FIGHTING AND IN GRENADE-THROWING POSITIONS, FOR THE ALDERSHOT TATTOO.

The King, who was accompanied by the Queen and by the Queen of Norway, Prince Henry, and Princess Victoria, attended the opening performance of the Royal Tournament, at Olympia, on May 19, and thus inaugurated the 44th event in the 50th year since its institution. In the arena was a triple guard of honour, provided by the Navy, the Army, and the Air Force; and it was noticed with much interest that the Naval Guard displayed their King's Colour. As our readers may recall, this was paraded for the first time on the

day on which the French President arrived at Dover, on his recent official visit to this country. His Majesty wore the undress uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet.—There was a sectional rehearsal at Aldershot last week of "The Battle of Blenheim" as it is to be presented in Ascot Week during the Aldershot Tattoo. The chief object of the occasion was to find out what present-day artillerymen could do with the eighteenth-century guns lent by the present Duke of Marlborough, and how they could handle firelocks and hand-grenades of that period.

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

ABOUT LILY ELSIE.—AN ENGLISH HUMOROUS DANCER FROM GERMANY.

IT is nearly twenty years by the clock since Lily Elsie sang and danced herself to fame on the first night of "The Merry Widow." I well remember the apprehensions of the original adapter, the late Edward Morton (afterwards supplemented by Basil Hood), on the eve of the event. How could George Edwardes give so big a part to a novice, whose experience was mainly of the chorus? He was deadly afraid of a fiasco—it was almost sure to be one—and deep into night we discussed possibilities and I tried my hardest to discount anticipated forlorn hopes. Twenty-four hours later, a wildly delighted audience raised the newcomer on a pedestal—an unforgettable *première*, the evening of that play, and to the chief players, Joe Coyne and Lily Elsie. Once again George Edwardes had proved his penetrating *flair*—that almost weird perception of budding talent which of the obscure player of to-day made the celebrity of to-morrow.

Ever since, Lily Elsie has dwelt affectionately, and on her retirement somewhat sadly, in the memory of playgoers. How often did we hear the lamentation, "A Lily Elsie part—but no Lily Elsie to play it"! Her place has been filled, but never completely—she was the Ellen Terry of the musical comedy stage. Then, thanks to the astute enterprise and persuasion of Mr. Philip Ridgeway, she was coaxed to come back, and we went to the first night of "The Blue Train" with great expectation and some anxiety. Would she be the same? Would retirement not have blunted her *savoir faire*, maybe blurred her charm? For others had emerged from privacy, and somehow the bloom had vanished: practice is as necessary to the artist as physical exercise to every man. But no sooner did she appear than all doubt was dispelled. The same grace of line and deportment; the same suavity of speech and manner; the same distinction of personality; the same incomparable ease wearing a sporting kit or the most regal *grande-toilette*. She is one of those charming people whose very entrance casts a spell. In fact, I would call her the perfection of imperfection: for she has neither a rich range of voice nor a complete mastery of dancing, nor the qualities of a great *comédienne*. And yet she dwarfs all her surroundings. She is the "cynosure of all eyes." She is a lady, in the most aristocratic flavour of the word; she manipulates a crowd with the dexterity of a conjurer handling his pack of cards; she sings without powerful notes, yet with a tender timbre in her voice; she sways her graceful limbs as if they were the wings of a fan; she is—with the savour of a touch of bashfulness—the most feminine femininity; she bewitches us by her smile; she accepts and proffers caress with the sincerity of one whose heart is touched; she bridles her emotions, yet she makes us feel that within there smoulders fire awaiting privacy to break into flame; in all she does there is the refinement of the woman of the world ever realising that a thing of beauty is a joy for ever. She could never descend to the vulgar or the commonplace; she would never accentuate or exaggerate, never obtrude or make an effort to eclipse her fellow-players. An Austrian critic, after the *première* of "The Merry Widow," said: "She is *herrlich*—'divine' in our vernacular, yet with a difference—the *dilettante par excellence*." I have never heard a more apt description. It conveys that she is always herself,

that she shuns the of-the-stage-stagey; that she is conscious of her limitations, but knows how to make the most of her gifts and to adorn them with her innate power of fascination. Yes; she is the *dilettante par excellence*—not a dabbler in the arts,

a week-end in Germany to see new plays. You can do these long-distance trips nowadays in a flying hurry. So in three days I saw two new plays at Hamburg: "A Play in a Castle," by Molnar, which is the "rage" of the Continent and sure to come to London; and a *première* of George Kaiser's "David and Goliath"—a satire on people who dabble in lotteries—which began lightly and gradually became clod-hoppery. But of these I would not speak, but of a dancer of English origin who, to me, was something quite new—a choreographic humourist without words. Her name is Kate Sheldon—quaint Kate Sheldon, as I would dub her. Imagine, with a stretch of imagination, a cross between Vesta Tilley and Nellie Wallace—the luminous eyes, the delicate masculine build, and nimble limbs of Vesta; the mobile, birdlike mask of Nellie, with a different nose, straight and long, instead of aquiline. Kate Sheldon was for some years *prima ballerina* and ballet-producer of the Municipal Theatre at Kiel, once the glory of the German Navy, now an immense harbour bereft of ships, with idle barracks, docks, and slumbering cranes. She had decided to return to her native heath, and all the "gentry and nobility" of the great northern city had forgathered to bid her a beflowered farewell. She had mustered around her a charming *corps de ballet* of her training, but the principal numbers of her voluminous programme were her solos of parody and satire.

Her very first skit impressed me—revealed a very distinct, original personality. She danced a one-step, that dance beloved of negroes and American acrobatic fleet-footers. It was screamingly funny: it turned every pace into a wild extravaganza; it was a strange satire of choreographic art—something between a living doll and a contortionist clown. Her face spoke volumes; every movement was accompanied by an expression as if she were laughing at herself—as Vesta Tilley laughed when she mocked her Tommy. Anon came a Spanish dance to music of Waldteuffel—the mantilla, the tortoise-shell comb, the castagnettes, the mass of Andalusian locks; but everything in grotesque disorder—the cachuca running riot after copious cups of Xeres. It was intensely funny, but never vulgar, in its lumbar contortions, in its features as if stretched and contracted in a distorting mirror; it laughed to scorn all these would-be *Espagnoles* of the dancing-stage who think that it is as easy as a sneeze to imitate the Oteros and the Raquel Mellers. At length—as a special tribute to the maritime city—she danced the hornpipe as seen through the caricaturist's eyes. She heaved and she reeled—not like an amateur, but like the complete A.B. in throes of action; then she danced the well-known steps with grace yet a *soupeçon* of irony; her face full of *insouciance*, her arms crossed in immobility, her limbs curving and undulating like the wavelets of a tranquil sea. The house was full of connoisseurs—old mariners and young officers, men of the re-nascent German Navy. They cheered Kate Sheldon to the echo; they could

not rest till she repeated the dance from beginning to end. Then flowers showered upon the dancer, and I felt sure that London, to say nothing of Portsmouth and Southampton, would acclaim her as that rare specimen in variety—the dancing humourist without words.



MIRTH-MAKERS IN "THE BLUE TRAIN": MISS CICELY DEBENHAM AS JOSEPHINE (CENTRE) WITH MR. BOBBY HOWES AS FREDDY (ON SKI), IN A WINTER SPORTS SCENE.



HUMOURS OF THE SKI NOVICE IN "THE BLUE TRAIN": MR. BOBBY HOWES, THE LEADING COMEDIAN, AS FREDDY, FAILS TO RETAIN HIS BALANCE.



MISS LILY ELSIE AS EILEEN MAYNE, WITH MR. ARTHUR MARGETSON AS LORD ANTHONY STOWE: A LOVE SCENE IN "THE BLUE TRAIN."

LILY ELSIE'S RETURN TO THE STAGE: SCENES IN "THE BLUE TRAIN," THE NEW MUSICAL COMEDY AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.

Miss Lily Elsie, one of the most popular of all musical-comedy favourites, has made a triumphal return to the stage as the heroine of "The Blue Train," at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. Her charming personality and delightful singing are the feature of the piece on the romantic side, while the humours of the entertainment are in the excellent hands of Mr. Bobby Howes and Miss Cicely Debenham. The title, of course, refers to the famous "Blue Train" that takes holiday-makers to the Côte d'Azur, and there is an amusing winter sports scene in Switzerland.

but a refined mind with a sensitive soul, who loves her work and embellishes it by her touch of grace.

There being a temporary lull in our dramatic world, I lately availed myself of the opportunity to spend

PENINSULAR UNIFORMS OF SCOTTISH REGIMENTS: TOURNAMENT TYPES.



THE HIGHLAND LIGHT INFANTRY.



THE CAMERON HIGHLANDERS.



THE ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS.

THE KING'S OWN SCOTTISH
BORDERERS.THE CAMERONIANS
(SCOTTISH RIFLES).

THE ROYAL SCOTS.



THE SCOTS GUARDS.



THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS.



THE BLACK WATCH.



THE SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS

In the Grand Pageant of Scotland, which forms the main spectacular feature of the Royal Tournament at Olympia, the third episode, entitled "Unity," represents the incorporation of Scottish regiments in the Army of the United Kingdom. Detachments appear in the uniforms of the Peninsular period. In a historical account of the regiments, a writer in the "Times" says: "The Royal Scots is the senior regiment of the British Line. The Stuarts may be credited with the Scots Guards. Independent companies raised in Edinburgh about the time of the Restoration became a regiment less than twenty years later. . . . These two regiments, with the Royal Scots Fusiliers, the King's Own Scottish Borderers, the Cameronians, and the Scots Greys, were part of

the Scottish Army, which had its own establishment until the Union. . . . The Borderers . . . within four months of its raising in Edinburgh in 1689, faced Claverhouse at the head of the Highland clans in the Pass of Killiecrankie. . . . The Black Watch claims to be not only Scotland's oldest but her favourite Highland corps. Named from the dark hue of its tartan, it paraded for the first time as a regiment of the British Army in 1740. . . . The red hackle in the feather bonnet came to the regiment after the Flanders campaign of 1794-5. This is as cherished a possession to the Black Watch as is Havelock's praise to the Seaforths (at Lucknow). . . . 'I am not a Highlander, but I wish I was one.' The Gordons were raised by the Duke of Gordon in 1794.

Dwellers in a Melting-Pot: Arabs of Algeria.

"ALGERIA FROM WITHIN." By R. V. C. BODLEY.*

A LITTLE Geography, a little History, a little Theology, a little Lore, a deal of Life: that is a summing-up of what Mr. Bodley, in his modesty, considers a mere *aide* to the Baedeker and the route map—his "Algeria From Within" in opposition to the Algeria from *without* as set down by travellers who have passed a few winter months in the country and who, returning home, have compiled an inaccurate volume based on first impressions and the legends served up very hot by the hard-worked guides."

And, after all, it is obvious that it is the Life which is the paramount interest in the study of "the

where water lacked, to clean himself with sand. It was known that pork was bad for people living in hot countries; it was forbidden. The laziness of the Oriental is proverbial; physical exercises were devised for him in his daily prayers before Mr. Sandow and his disciples thought of the present-day training.

"He was told not to frequent women of easy morals; knowing his nature, the task was made less difficult by allowing him more than one wife, while at the same time, realising the inconsistency of human nature, laws were provided which enabled him to free himself easily from the bonds of marriage if he felt that it was necessary.

"To make him rise early in the morning, the first hour of prayer was ordained before sunrise; in the middle of the day there are prayers, which prevent a too-long siesta. Realising that women in religion are the cause of much trouble, they were excluded from the mosque and from anything to do with its rites. Furthermore, remembering that two great religions had passed before, there could be no question of ignoring them. One therefore finds practically the whole of the Old Testament in the Koran, as well as the coming of Jesus (Aïssa)."

Such is the discipline of Islam: amongst the fortunate ones born of the dust God cast to the right and amongst the woeful and the damned of the dust cast to the left. And added in the Arab are dignity, courtesy, hospitality, charity and fraternal equality, fine horsemanship allied to crude horse-care, a temper quick to rise against dishonour, love of sport, a willingness to fight, a lack of intellectual attainment and art sense, and, perhaps above all, respect for the head of the family. In the average Arab household in the native quarters of the smaller *communes mixtes*, in the farms or away in the southern oases and under the tent in the Sahara, "it is usual for a great many people of one family to live in the same house, but it is only the head who counts. Moreover, among the nomads the *caïd* of the tribe estimates his people by heads of families. In the home the father reigns supreme; he usually has his meals apart or with his eldest son. In some cases there are three groups of diners, the chief with the older men and the guests, the sons and their friends, and the retainers. The food is brought in and placed before the first group, who eat what they want, then it is passed to the second group, and finally to the third. After dinner the older men talk and laugh and smoke, but the younger men will either sit quiet or, if they want to talk and smoke, they will go outside. In the presence of the head of the family the younger generation show the utmost deference, and it is unusual for them to sit down when in conversation with their father, and they never smoke in his presence. . . . In return for all this the head of the family looks after the whole of the welfare of his descendants, and any relatives are welcome to eat and reside in his house or tent as long as they like."

As to Woman, although she is far from being the slave the European imagines, "in the homes of well-to-do Arabs the women are kept under lock and key, and they practically never go out for a walk. They will be taken for drives in closed carriages or motors, and occasionally they will pay visits at nights to their women friends, but they go heavily veiled and accompanied by many attendants. Once a week they go to the Turkish bath, and once a week to the cemetery. Sometimes among the poorer classes the women are forced to go out to do their shopping, but they are veiled from head to foot, but even this is rare, as the husband usually does the marketing on his way to and from work.

"All this caution, however, does not prevent intrigue and infidelity, which is facilitated by old women and friends. A visit to another girl is arranged, the visit is made, but there is another exit, and the woman goes to see her lover."

Divorce is easy—it may be granted a woman if her husband is out every evening and does not return

until midnight or so! A widow is without position and without possessions, unless she has been permitted to put money aside for herself or has property in her own right.

And, of course, there is always the embarrassments of a plurality of wives, especially as "the saddest part about Arab women is the rapidity with which they grow old, or, rather, mature. They attain the status of womanhood between the age of twelve and fourteen, and between fifteen and twenty they are at their best. After that they suddenly seem to fade, and all at once look near to thirty-five. But there it stops, and they don't get any older for ten or fifteen years; then another sudden leap forward and a woman of fifty is a wrinkled old lady."

So to the Ouled Nail ("children of him who has succeeded"), whose women are *not* all ladies of easy virtue, although prostitution is not considered a dishonour in their tribes; the dwellers in the holy city of Beni Sgen, almost shopless, where everything is sold by auction, and prices can only be advanced half a franc at a time whatever the presumed value of the lot; and the land of the Mزاب in general. "The people of the Mزاب are a race of their own, and the confederation of cities is quite unique. The Mزاب is the Mزاب, and it can be compared to nothing. . . . Who are these people? . . . It is obvious to the simplest minded, on seeing these small, squat men—with their smooth, round, white faces, fringed with dark beards—that they are unlike anyone else seen in Algeria." It has been asserted that they are the lost tribe of Israel: few believe this, despite Semitic appearances. "The second suggestion is that they are the direct descendants of the old Phœnicians. . . . But . . . the general idea is that the people of the Mزاب are pure Berbers." Add the question "why are these people in this desolation of the Sahara, on no natural highway, and in no trade centre, where all the water comes from wells dug by the inhabitants, where it rains about once every ten years?"—and you have a first-rate mystery.

And, finally, to the very necessary note that we have touched upon far less than a tithe of "Algeria From Within." The phases of Mr. Bodley's most excellent book are as many as they are fascinating; and they range from the ruined splendours of the old invaders to the modernities of the present rulers; from caprice of climate to constancy of character; from agriculture, with the breeding of cattle and horses, and sheep and goats, the cultivation of vegetables for France and England, the making of wine, the growing of tobacco, and the gathering of the wild alfa grass for paper-making, to trade within the walls and commerce without;



PREPARED FOR A FAVOURITE SPORT: AN ARAB FALCONER SETTING OUT TO HUNT.

Reproduced from "Algeria From Within," by Courtesy of the Author and of the Publishers, Messrs. Hutchinson and Co.

melting-pot of the Mediterranean races," despite the local Moslem's suspicion of the stranger, his *mektoub*—"it is written"—and his acceptance of the fact that France's complicated but competent administration has waxed wonderfully since those days of not long ago when she answered with the sword the flick of the fan on the face given by the Dey Hussein to the Consul Deval.

The globe-trotter trammelled to starred sights, unconscious of staged settings, blissfully, baskingly ignorant that there are those cruel enough to call Biskra "a kind of Dieppe-on-sand" and to be curiously contemptuous of the assumption that that delightful "conservatory in the open air," the Jardin Landon, is the Hichens Garden of Allah, may wander as he will within the limits of his tickets; but he will be in Algeria, not of it. He is not to be blamed. His time is brief. It is better to see something, rather than nothing. But it will behove him to read of what he has missed.

To how much that is apt to be, Mr. Bodley bears witness. The natives are perpetual problems, not to be solved; and in them must not be included "the Europeanised waster one meets in the big centres" or "the effeminate and over-civilised chiefs one sees at tourist-infested centres." They should be easy of understanding. The Arabs proper are another matter: "The longer one lives among the Arabs the more one realises the insurmountable barrier which separates us from them. It is not a question of race, though this does count; it is a question of religion. One can establish the deepest intimacy in all matters of daily life and then come suddenly face to face with this blank wall."

"Life and death to an Arab are less important than the evening meal"; but the precepts of the Faith are followed in every moment of existence. Which is well: "The ablations, the forbidden meats and wines, the many postures taken during the prayer five times a day, were all invented with a purpose. The Arab was dirty by nature; he was told to wash before saying his prayers; in cases



"ONCE A WEEK THEY GO TO THE TURKISH BATH, AND ONCE A WEEK TO THE CEMETERY": ARAB WOMEN IN THE CEMETERY AT ALGIERS.

Reproduced from "Algeria From Within," by Courtesy of the Author and of the Publishers, Messrs. Hutchinson and Co.

from marabouts of doubtful holiness to an aged Arab intrigued by the rejuvenations of Voronoff; from the Reserved Quarters to the most respected of circles; and to such trials as the motor *diligence* may provide in periods of ill-luck, including, possibly, delay caused by locusts, "which drift in great clouds across the road and in an inconceivably short space of time clog up all the wheels with the fat of their crushed bodies."

E. H. G.

* "Algeria From Within." By R. V. C. Bodley. Illustrated. (Hutchinson and Co.; 21s. net.)

THE "DRAGON" OF KOMODO: A "PERSEUS AND ANDROMEDA" ADVENTURE.



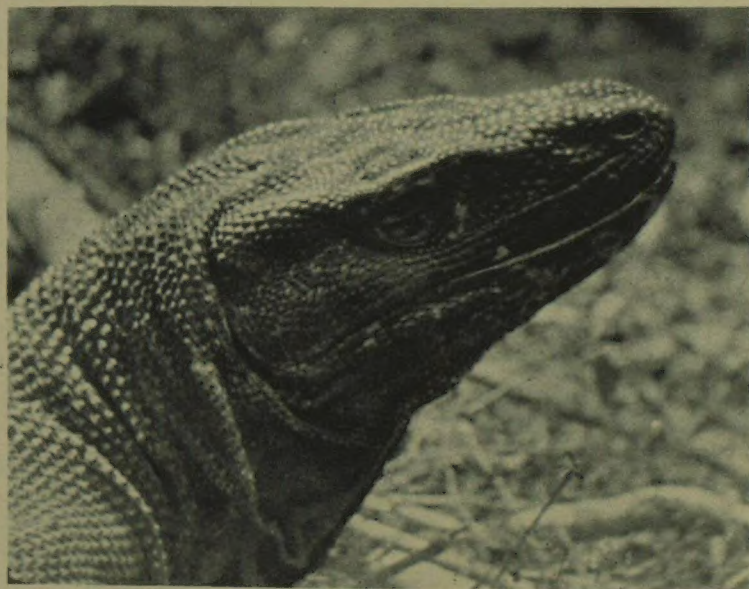
"ONE OF THE LIZARDS SHOT BY MRS. BURDEN": THE AMERICAN LADY WHO HAD A THRILLING ESCAPE FROM A SIMILAR MONSTER, SHOT BY A HUNTER WHEN IT WAS APPROACHING WITHIN FIVE YARDS OF HER AS SHE LAY HIDDEN IN TALL GRASS, ON THE EAST INDIAN ISLAND OF KOMODO.



A GIANT LIZARD OF KOMODO MOVING THROUGH THE GRASS: A FILM PHOTOGRAPH, SHOWING THE MUSCLES OF THE SHOULDER.

"THE Quest for the Dragon of Komodo" is the title of a remarkably interesting article in "Natural History" (the organ of the American Museum of Natural History), by Douglas Burden, Trustee of the Museum. It describes an expedition to the East Indies in search of *Varanus komodoensis*, the giant lizard of the island of Komodo. The party included also Mrs. Burden, Dr. E. R. Dunn (a leading herpetologist), and F. J. Defosse, a hunter from Indo-China. "It was Mrs. Burden," we read, "who had the first exciting encounter with one of the lizards. Together with Defosse, she went out early one morning to see if any marauding *Varanus* had been at the bait during the night. Upon reaching the blind, they were dismayed to see that the bait had been torn in half, and the entire hind-quarters devoured. It was hardly conceivable that one V.K. was responsible for so much mischief. As there was now no animal in sight, they hunted for tracks around the bait. Defosse followed them around on one side of a hill, while Mrs. Burden searched the other side. Suddenly a movement at the edge of the jungle to her right fixed her attention, and then one of the ante-diluvian monsters . . . crawled out into the light of day. At the same instant Mrs. Burden sank motionless into the tall grass. . . . 'As he drew nearer,' she afterwards related, 'I suddenly realised my predicament. My gun was propped against the 'blind,' where I had left it a few moments earlier. Defosse was out of sight, and the great reptile was continuing straight toward me. Should I

jump up and run, thus losing the largest lizard we had seen? Should I, not rather lie without moving on the chance that Defosse would come back in time to shoot him, or that he would change his course and pass by me unheeded? Nearer he came and nearer, his grim head swinging heavily from side to side. I remembered all the fantastic stories I had heard of these creatures attacking both men and horses, and was in no wise reassured. The creature was now less than five yards away, and its subtle reptilian smell was in my nostrils. Too late to leap from hiding—if I did, he would surely spring upon me, rending me and devouring my remains as he had devoured the dead deer. Better to take my chances where I lay, so I closed my eyes and waited. Then I opened them in time to see Defosse's head appearing over the hill. The next instant there was a flash, and a bullet buried itself in the great monster's neck. Like lightning he whirled and crashed toward the jungle, but the rifle once more did its work, and he lay still.' Later, upon measuring him, we discovered that he was not quite ten feet long, but he must have weighed around 250 pounds, and in his stomach we found the whole hind-quarters of the deer!"



THE HEAD OF A *VARANUS KOMODOENSIS*: A GIANT LIZARD OF KOMODO, ONE OF THE LESSER SUNDA ISLANDS, NEAR JAVA.

A PIG AT A MOUTHFUL: DINOSAUR-LIKE LIZARDS BOLTING BAIT.



"COMING FULL SPEED TOWARDS THE BAIT": A GIANT LIZARD OF KOMODO (*VARANUS KOMODOENSIS*)—A FILM PHOTOGRAPH OF THE GREAT REPTILE IN MOTION.



"WHEN A DRAGON LIZARD ATTACKS HIS FOOD, HE TRIES TO SWALLOW IT WHOLE; FAILING IN THIS, HE RIPS AND SHAKES IT TO PIECES, GREEDILY GULPING GREAT HUNKS MUCH LARGER THAN HIS OWN HEAD."

"AS soon as we put out baits for *Varanus*," writes Mr. Douglas Burden in his article in "Natural History" (quoted on the previous page), "they began to flock around in considerable numbers. Dr. Dunn took his stand where he could not be seen by the creatures and watched them all day. His notebooks soon began to bulge with meticulous notes. . . . We found sufficient excitement for a while in observing the feeding habits of the great dragon lizards. For hours together we watched them from the 'bomas' or blinds, as they devoured the bait. Voracious as they were, it was interesting to note what careful watch they kept, especially the smaller ones, who seemed terrified when an adult made his appearance. Whenever we saw a smaller one turn and dash away with lightning-like rapidity, we knew that a big lizard was approaching. For several minutes no lizard would be seen, then

[Continued opposite.



"GRABBING THE WHOLE PIG (WHOSE CURLY TAIL CAN BE SEEN TO THE LEFT OF THE REPTILE'S HEAD) IN ONE MOUTHFUL," AFTER BREAKING THE STOUT MANILA ROPE WITH WHICH THE PIG WAS FASTENED TO A TREE: A KOMODO LIZARD IN AN ATTITUDE "BEARING A REMARKABLE RESEMBLANCE TO TYRANNOSAURUS."

[Continued.]

suddenly, from behind a tree, a big black head with two beady eyes would appear. For a while it would remain absolutely motionless; only the hawklike eyes would move, peering grimly from under bony 'eyebrows,' while they surveyed every inch of the surrounding territory. Then, assured of safety, the beast would lower his head, and with his long, yellow, bifurcated tongue constantly darting forth, he would move ponderously toward the bait. As he walked the impression he gave was of tremendous weight and strength. Although the small ones are rather slim and agile, the adults are thickset, muscular creatures with very heavy bodies. After they have attained a length of seven feet their weight increases out of all proportion to their length, and doubles, I think, between seven and eight feet. In the process of gorging, the long sharp claws are used indiscriminately both for scraping and

[Continued below.



"AS HE IS FREQUENTLY SEEN PROWLING AROUND FORAGING AMONG THE GNARLED MOUNTAINS OF KOMODO": A GIANT LIZARD THAT ATTAINS A LENGTH OF ABOUT TEN FEET.



A "DRAGON" LIZARD IN HIS NATIVE HAUNTS: A FILM PHOTOGRAPH OF A LARGE SPECIMEN MOVING THROUGH GRASS IN SEARCH OF FOOD, ON THE ISLAND OF KOMODO.

[Continued.]

tearing, while the thin, recurved teeth with sharp serrated edges are employed to rip off chunks of the meat. The beast manœuvres this by see-sawing back and forth on braced legs, giving a wrench at the bait with every backward move. Seen thus, with jaws buried in the meat, and neck curved forward and down, he bears a remarkable resemblance to *Tyrannosaurus* as restored in modern paintings. Whatever he can wrench off, regardless of size, is swallowed at a gulp. One big

fellow took in the whole hind-quarters of a deer—hoofs, legs, hams, vertebrae, and all. If he is surprised when feeding, the result is likely to be disastrous, for the weird beast becomes excited and immediately disgorges. With such pictures in mind, I tingled with excitement at my first sight of one of the huge creatures in the open. I was at the foot of the pinnacle country . . . in which the Duke of Mecklenburg is said to have shot three of the beasts."

A LIVING "DINOSAUR": A LIZARD THAT RESEMBLES TYRANNOSAURUS.

UPPER PHOTOGRAPH BY E. R. SANBORN.

CONTINUING the article quoted on the opposite page and that preceding it, Mr. Douglas Burden writes (in "Natural History"):

"I was at the foot of the pinnacle country, on a gently sloping talus cone covered with short grass and a few palm trees. This was the very section of the country in which the Duke of Mecklenburg is said to have shot three of the beasts in chance encounter. Here I saw a lizard working his way slowly down the mountain. I scrambled up to a point of vantage, taking care not to expose myself to view, as the eyesight of *Varanus* is much keener than that of a deer. It was a marvellous picture—a primeval monster in a primeval setting. Had he only stood up on his hind-legs, as I now know he can do, the dinosaurian picture would have been complete. Against a background of sunburnt grass he looked quite black with age. As he approached, three pigs dashed away into the distance. Once he stopped for a long time with his nose buried deep in the grass, as if scenting out some shrew or rat or small lizard to add as another choice morsel to his already distended stomach. In my glasses he filled the whole field of vision, and as there was nothing by which to compare his size, I could quite easily imagine him to be twenty or thirty feet long. I was wrong, however, for they do not exceed ten feet in length. I was filled with a longing to bag one of these creatures alive, and, after he disappeared from sight, I hurried back to arrange for more active hunting. . . . On one point we were greatly disappointed. We found no eggs, nor any trace of them. But as part of a large herpetological collection numbering several thousand specimens we did succeed in bringing out twelve dead and two live *Varanus komodoensis*, sufficient to make an excellent museum group. Concerning the place of *Varanus komodoensis* in evolution, it is interesting to note that these varanid lizards represent the group from which snakes were evolved, which accounts for their snakelike appearance, their mobile head, and long, protrusible, bifurcated tongue. . . . It has been definitely shown that *Varanus komodoensis* is closely related to the Australian monitors, which gave rise in Pleistocene times to such monsters as *Megalania*, known to have attained a length of thirty feet."



"A PRIMEVAL MONSTER IN A PRIMEVAL SETTING; HAD HE ONLY STOOD UP ON HIS HIND-LEGS THE DINOSAURIAN PICTURE WOULD HAVE BEEN COMPLETE": A *VARANUS KOMODOENSIS*, THE GIANT LIZARD OF KOMODO, RELATED TO THE AUSTRALIAN MONITORS OF PLEISTOCENE TIMES.



SHOWING "THE LONG, YELLOW, PROTRUSIBLE, BIFURCATED TONGUE, WHICH IS USED AS A SENSORY ORGAN": THE OPEN JAWS OF A *VARANUS KOMODOENSIS*—A SPECIES OF GIANT LIZARDS REPRESENTING THE GROUP FROM WHICH SNAKES WERE EVOLVED—A FACT THAT EXPLAINS THE MOBILE HEAD AND SERPENTINE ASPECT.

THE ISLE OF "DRAGONS": TRAPPING A GIANT LIZARD IN KOMODO.

"WE were anxious," writes Mr. Douglas Burden in "Natural History" (quoted on the previous pages), "to capture alive some of these large lizards. The Malays had seen a particularly ugly brute, which they excitedly described as the biggest 'boe-aja darat' (land crocodile) yet seen. He was a very wary fellow, and we decided that the best way to get him alive would be to build a trap at the edge of the forest, bait it with deer or pig, and then hide close by in a boma, ready to run out and lash him to a pole as soon as he was caught in the noose. Accordingly, Defosse killed an old razorback for bait and the coolies set to work on the trap. Heavy stakes were pounded into the ground all around the bait, except for a large opening left at one end. The stakes were then lashed together with rattan and the whole contraption carefully camouflaged with branches and leaves."

A live tree was selected as the spring pole. The branches were cut, the rope tied to the top, and then, with the combined strength of fifteen coolies, the tree was bent over and the noose set at the opening in front of the trap. To avoid having the trap sprung by some small and unimportant specimen, however, we arranged that the tree should be released only by a string running along the ground to the boma. . . . Presently a small V.K. appeared and manoeuvred around and around the trap, not daring to enter. He was followed soon, by a much larger beast. . . . This one immediately entered the trap and tried to drag the whole boar out, but the razorback had been lashed in place, and could not be budged. Presently I saw him look up and then turn and flee as if the very devil were after him. Only a very large V.K. could create such panic in one of adult size, so we waited with ill-repressed excitement. There was no reason to lower our voices, as the beast is prac-

tically stone deaf. . . Suddenly a coolie peeping through the leaves at the back of the boma made a strange sound. . . . What I saw was a V.K. so large and so villainous of aspect that I trembled with instinctive repulsion. . . . He was wary and suspicious. He would put his nose almost in the noose, and then withdraw it. . . . He inspected everything closely, his snaky tongue in constant motion. Then he would walk away abruptly, and sit for five minutes at a time looking into the surrounding jungle. It seemed as though we should never take him. Then, of a sudden, it happened. He walked straight up to the opening, stepped through the noose, and seized the bait. I pulled the release, and the great dragon was catapulted into the air. Down he came as quickly, his great weight dragging the tree back again. . . . Then it was a contest of strength between him and the tree, which began to crack noisily with the strain as he clawed at the ground, tugging at the rope, which was tightened about his middle. The coolies rushed out to surround him,

but he held them off, not only by his fierce lunges, but also by vomiting and foaming at the mouth. . . . Defosse stepped up close behind him, and dropped the lasso neatly about his neck. . . . Our coolies now brought their long pole, hog-tied the lizard to it, and carried him triumphantly back to camp. A special cage had been built for him, and, as we thrust him in at one end, we cut the thongs one by one, till he was entirely free but securely enclosed. . . . He lashed himself into a great fury. . . . There was a large air-hole at the top of the cage, covered with the strongest steel netting that could be obtained in Batavia, yet the next morning we found that the wire had been ripped off, and the cage was empty. The twisted steel and the gaping hole were evidence of a strength we had never suspected. Thus we lost the greatest prize of our expedition."



"THE HOME OF THE DRAGON LIZARD—A GLIMPSE OF THE RUGGED MOUNTAINS OF KOMODO": A TROPICAL ISLAND OF THE EAST INDIES WITH "NAKED PINNACLES OF ROCK . . . FORMED BY THE COOLING OF MOLTEN MAGMA WITHIN THE VENTS OF VOLCANOES."



SETTING THE TRAP (NOW COMPLETELY CAMOUFLAGED AS A BUSH): DEFOSSE, THE HUNTER, FIXING AT THE ENTRANCE A NOOSE CONNECTED BY ROPE WITH A TREE BENT AS A SPRING-POLE



BUILDING THE TRAP IN WHICH WAS CAUGHT A GIGANTIC LIZARD, THAT AFTERWARDS ESCAPED FROM A CAGE BY TEARING THROUGH STEEL NETTING: CAMOUFLAGING THE TRAP WITH LEAVES.

THE ARMY SHOWS ITS MECHANISED ARTILLERY AND TRANSPORT TO COLONIAL DELEGATES.



A MOTOR-CAR WITH "CATERPILLAR" BACK WHEELS HAULING A FIELD-GUN: A TYPE OF "HALF-TRACK" COMMERCIAL VEHICLE ADAPTABLE TO MILITARY PURPOSES.



MECHANISED HAULAGE: A "CATERPILLAR" TRACTOR PULLING HEAVY ARTILLERY OVER A ROUGH PIECE OF GROUND DURING THE DEMONSTRATIONS NEAR ALDERSHOT.



MODERN BRITISH TANKS OF VARIOUS SIZES: (L. TO R.) ONE OF THE LARGEST TYPES; A TWO-MEN TANK; A ONE-MAN TANK; PART OF THE DISPLAY BY THE ROYAL TANK CORPS.



MOVING ON ITS "CATERPILLAR" WHEELS WITH ORDINARY WHEELS RAISED OFF THE GROUND: A CAR FITTED WITH INTERCHANGEABLE WHEEL AND TRACTOR DRIVE.



DELEGATES IN A SIX-WHEELED LORRY OF A TYPE THEY THOUGHT VERY SUITABLE FOR COLONIAL PURPOSES: AN R.A.S.C. VEHICLE DESCENDING A STEEP SLOPE.

A party of Colonial Governors and delegates to the Colonial Conference, accompanied by Lord Peel, First Commissioner of Works, attended demonstrations given by the Aldershot Command, on May 21, with twenty-three different types of motor-vehicles used for military purposes. There were three separate displays; first, that of six-wheeled lorries by the Royal Army Service Corps; secondly, that given by the Experimental Section of the Royal Tank Corps, including tanks and "dragons," the four-wheel drive tractor, and half-track machines built for commercial purposes or of commercial parts; thirdly, the mechanised first-line transport

of the 2nd King's Royal Rifle Corps, including 30-cwt. lorries for machine-gun platoons. Our photographs illustrate the first two sections of the demonstration. The Colonial visitors are reported to have considered the six-wheeler lorries especially suitable for Colonial use. At the luncheon in the Officers' Club, Sir Graeme Thomson, Governor of Nigeria, referring to the R.A.S.C. display, said: "What we have seen will have a very great effect on the future development of our various colonies." The demonstrations took place over rough ground on Pirbright Common and in the Long Valley at Aldershot.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

WHEREVER

I take my walks abroad in London now I see in shop-windows models of old ships and prints of old maps, while even the advertisement hoardings display posters of similar subjects. Along with this taste for antique shipping and geography in decoration goes a revival of interest in the early literature of sea adventure. Which movement came first, the decorative or the bookish, it is hard to say, for these vogues act and react upon each other. Map and model collecting is said to emanate from America.

Prominent among new publications of this character is a delightful illustrated reprint of Hakluyt in eight volumes, the first two of which now lie before me. The full title runs, with all its sixteenth-century "exuberance of verbosity," as "THE PRINCIPAL NAVIGATIONS, VOYAGES, TRAFFIQUES, AND DISCOVERIES OF THE ENGLISH NATION MADE BY SEA OR OVERLAND TO THE REMOTE AND FURTHEST DISTANT QUARTERS OF THE EARTH AT ANY TIME WITHIN THE COMPASS OF THESE 1600 YEARS." By Richard Hakluyt. With an Introduction by John Masefield. Fully illustrated with sixty-four drawings by T. Derrick, and many reproductions from contemporary portraits, engravings, etc. (London and Toronto, J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd.; New York, E. P. Dutton and Co.; eight vols.; 7s. 6d. net per vol.; sold in sets only). In every respect—handy size, artistic format, clear print, attractive and well-reproduced illustrations—this is an ideal popular edition of the famous classic. There is no portrait of Hakluyt, but, if one exists, perhaps we may hope to find it in a later volume. The editing of the work has been in good hands. No better sponsor of Hakluyt for modern readers, moreover, could have been chosen than Mr. Masefield, with his poetic outlook and his practical knowledge of seafaring. His brief account of Elizabethan ships, and conditions of life at sea in them, forms an appropriate preface.

Of Hakluyt himself, the patriotic parson with the soul of an empire-builder, Mr. Masefield writes with enthusiasm. "His *Principal Navigations* is our English epic. It is a great and noble poem. . . . The poets of that great period, living in the kingdom of the imagination, have left the deeds of our heroes unsung. It was left to Richard Hakluyt, a humble preacher, to bring together the stray records." He rode far and wide in quest of material, and was an indefatigable rum-mager of libraries. The *Navigations* contains only a fraction of his life's work. "An immense mass of manuscript [says Mr. Masefield] was in his possession when he died; and this was afterwards published by Samuel Purchas, in the four huge quartos of the *Pilgrims*. This collection, though of great interest, is a less perfect thing than *The Principal Navigations*. Purchas was a bad, Hakluyt an almost perfect, editor."

Even dear old Hakluyt, however, was not always proof against the literary fabricator. While dipping into the new edition, I lit on a passage in Vol. II. from "The Voyage of Ingulphus, Abbot of Croiland, unto Jerusalem performed (according to Florentius Wigorniensis) in the yeere of our Lord, 1064," recording that in his youth the worthy Abbot was, "for the attaining of good letters, placed first at Westminster, and afterwards sent to the Universitie of Oxford." Remembering that 1066 was the date of William the Conqueror's victory (almost the only date in English history that I do remember), I became curious to learn more of the educational advantages at those two seats of learning before his arrival. A little research in Chambers's "Encyclopædia" disclosed the fact that Oxford University did not originate till the twelfth century, under Henry I., and further, that the "Historia Monasterii Croilandensis," long attributed to Abbot Ingulph, has been proved by modern scholars to be "little better than a novel, probably the composition of a monk in the thirteenth or fourteenth century."

A novelist might ask: "What *could* be better than a novel?" It is, indeed, one of the charms of Hakluyt that he flavours history with a dash of romance. Particularly interesting just now, on the historical side, are the descriptions of Queen Elizabeth's diplomatic dealings with "the Emperour of Moscovie," the adventures of her envoys there, and the arrival here of the first Russian representatives, whose successors to-day are not quite so popular.

As a companion study of Hakluyt and his *magnum opus*—"a library of sea writings rather than a book"—

I commend his readers to a chapter of "THE SEA IN ENGLISH LITERATURE: FROM BEOWULF TO DONNE." By Anne Treneer, M.A. (Liverpool University Press and Hodder and Stoughton; 10s. 6d.) There is more learning packed into this little book than any other of equal size that I know. Nor is it of the dryasdust order, but fused into readable form by a mind that can enjoy Kipling and Masefield and Conrad, as well as Chaucer, Spenser, or Malory.

Another notable publishing enterprise, akin to the new "Hakluyt" in its inspiration, but differing in method, is inaugurated with "SIR FRANCIS DRAKE." By E. F. Benson. Illustrated (Lane; 12s. 6d.). This is the first volume of the "Golden Hind" series, containing, not reprints of old works, but new biographies of great admirals and explorers written by well-known living men of letters. The general editor is Mr. Milton Waldman, who has undertaken the volume on Raleigh. Among others, Mr. Keble Chatterton will write on John Smith, Mr. Philip Gosse on Hawkins, and Mr. J. C. Squire on Grenville. The lively freshness of Mr. Benson's initial volume promises well for the success and popularity of the venture.

To set a novelist to write a historical work is not entirely an innovation. One remembers the "Outline

Ogilvie.

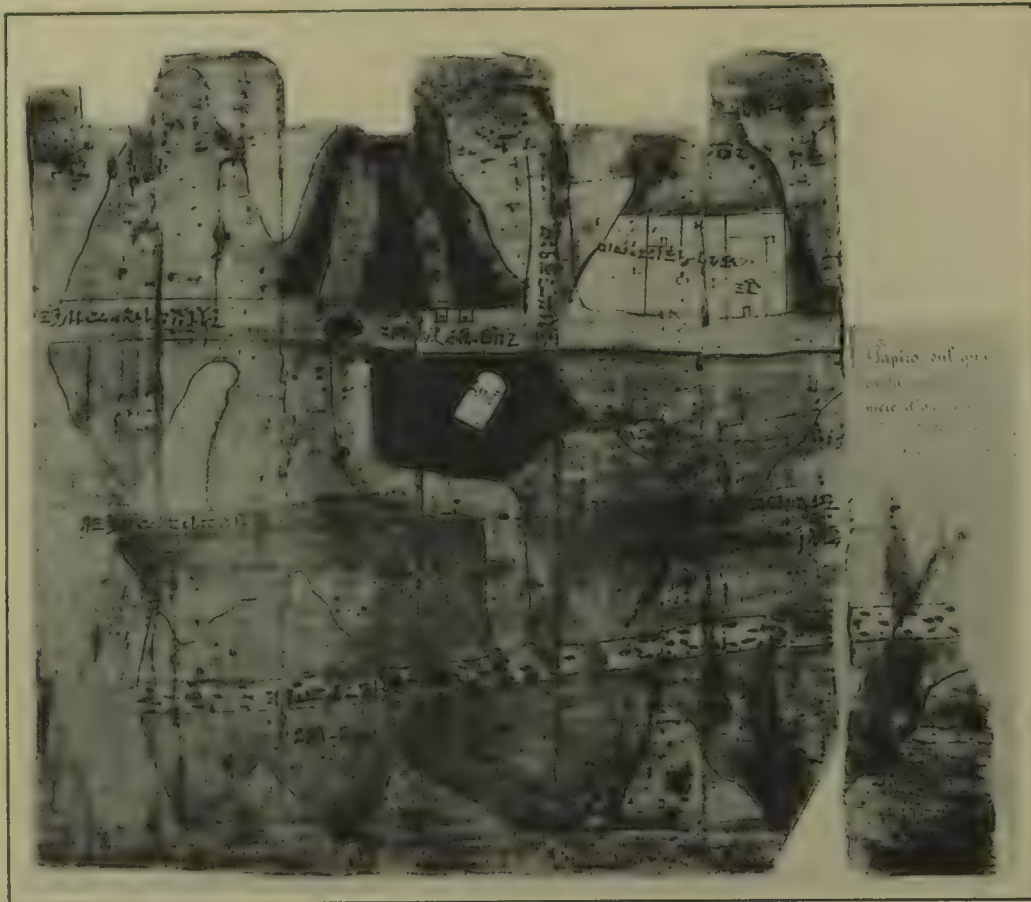
Vol. II. Kensington: Printed and Sold at the Cayme Press. Two vols., 30s. each). The edition is limited to 500 copies, fifty being for presentation and review. The work resuscitated in these two quarto volumes first appeared in 1724, and had not been reprinted since the fourth edition in 1726, except for a "pirated" and garbled version of 1735, which in 1919 "was used," says Mr. Gosse, "as a background for the delightful set of drawings of pirates by Claude Lovat Fraser." Captain Johnson seems to have been a bit of a pirate himself, in the literary if not in the nautical sense, for we read that he could not take legal action over the 1735 piracy of his book, "since in the very same year he was himself guilty of as brazen an act of theft." He had issued without acknowledgment a book by one Captain Alexander Smith called "A General History of the Lives and Adventures of the Most Famous Highwaymen." Clearly Captain Johnson must be numbered among the students of criminology, if not also among its practitioners.

Despite the gruesome nature of the events recorded, the "History of the Pirates" is interesting as a picture of seafaring in the early eighteenth century, and the perils of ocean travel in those days. The printing of the book is very artistic, and its antique character is preserved in certain spellings and the liberal use of capital letters. Three old prints omitted from the first volume (one of them a 1720 drawing of two women pirates) are given on a loose plate. The author's introduction, curiously enough, appears at the end of Vol. II. The style of the modern illustrations is deliberately archaic, as also, I suppose, is the omission to supply them with titles.

From the sea-wolves of old to the sea-dogs that guard Britannia's house to-day is a refreshing change. One of the latter tells his story—and a very interesting story it is—in "AN ADMIRAL'S MEMORIES: SIXTY-FIVE YEARS AFLOAT AND ASHORE." By Rear-Admiral Sir Sydney M. Eardley-Wilmot. Illustrations selected and arranged by Dr. Oscar Parkes (Sampson Low; 16s.). The author began his career, in 1861, as a Naval Cadet in the screw steam frigate *Emerald*, which, from the number of aristocratic officers in the ship's company, was sometimes known as "The House of Lords." Among them were Lord Walter Kerr (who died quite recently) and the late Marquess of Queensberry, of boxing fame.

Sir Sydney's first independent command was that of the sloop *Dolphin*, in 1884. "The sail mania," he writes, "still prevailed. Even the *Inflexible* when first completed had a brig rig, with huge lower yards, though she would hardly move under sail." The later chapters record associations with Lord Fisher at the Admiralty, and during the war the author's work on the Board of Invention and Research. Afterwards, "someone asked me," he writes, "why I did not put in a claim for having first suggested the bulge or blister as a protection for ships against torpedoes. My reply was that, if I did, I should probably be told that research had brought to light that the Ark was fitted with a bulge, and that Noah had taken out a patent for it."

Three other notable additions to marine literature deserve more than the brief notice I can give them here. "THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE SEA." By E. Keble Chatterton. With many Illustrations (Longmans; 12s. 6d.). is the latest work of a writer who has already over a score of kindred books to his credit. It teems with interesting yarns of all kinds of craft, in war and peace, and the central theme is that spirit of fraternity that unites seamen of every type. "HISTORIC SHIPS." By Rupert Sargent Holland. Illustrated (in colour and line) by Manning de V. Lee (Fisher Unwin—Ernest Benn; 12s. 6d.), is a popular work, of American origin, tracing the story of navigation and naval warfare throughout the ages, in picturesque and vigorous style. "YACHTING AND YACHTSMEN." By W. Dodgson Bowman. With many Illustrations (Bles; 16s.) claims to be "the first book to trace the history and gradual development of yachting from its modest beginnings in the reign of Charles II." The author infuses a strong human interest into his chronicle, which provides more thrills than might be expected from the annals of a pastime. With another Cowes week approaching, the book is sure of its public, especially as it has much to tell of modern yachting personalities. One familiar figure will be missed this year, that of the late Duke of Leeds, the Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron. C. E. B.



THE OLDEST MAP IN EXISTENCE: AN ANCIENT EGYPTIAN PAPYRUS WITH A TOPOGRAPHICAL CHART OF NUBIAN GOLD-MINES.

"The most ancient existing maps," writes Mr. Kineton Parkes (in a recent number of "The Studio"), "are in the Turin Museum; they are papyri of the gold-mines of the Nubian desert. Anaximander, a pupil of Thales of Miletus, made the first scientific map more than five hundred years before Christ. The earliest picture map, also in the Turin Museum, is a papyrus of the return of Seti I. from Syria, showing a road, a Nile canal with crocodiles, and a lake with fish. This is the true progenitor of the mural map decoration of the present day."—[By Courtesy of the Director of the Turin Museum.]

of History." These phenomena typify the modern revolt from the heavy academic manner, a revolt that put "Q" in the chair of English Literature at Cambridge, and has produced a new school of sparkling historians, of whom Mr. Philip Guedalla is the brightest example. Of his new book, "A GALLERY" (Hodder and Stoughton; 10s. 6d.), I may have something to say another week, but, being political rather than nautical, it falls outside my present scope. I am reminded of Mr. Guedalla's historical style, however, in reading Mr. Benson on Drake.

While writing of Drake with an admiration amounting to hero-worship, Mr. Benson does not shrink from the admission that many of his exploits were those of a pirate. Other figures lose the halo that encircles them in school history books. Queen Elizabeth, for instance, appears as a surreptitious profiteer in piratical enterprises, greedy for gain but officially parsimonious, leaving the fleet that fought the Armada almost disastrously short of supplies and munitions. She is "the Royal weathercock," constantly vacillating and upsetting plans by her sudden whims and changes of mind. "Indeed," writes Mr. Benson, "the legend that good Queen Bess was the inspiration of her great captains must perish; she was never their inspiration, but always their despair."

If Drake was a pirate on occasion, he was at any rate always a patriot, and that can hardly be said of the gentlemen commemorated in "A GENERAL HISTORY OF THE PIRATES." By Captain Charles Johnson. Edited, with a Preface, by Philip Gosse. "Adorn'd" with Cuts by Alexina

MAHSEER; AND SALMON: "RANJI" IN INDIA; THE "ZOO'S" 12-POUNDER.



THE JAM SAHIB OF NAWANAGAR IN A FRAGILE CRAFT OF BAMBOO: HIS HIGHNESS CROSSING THE CAUVERY TO INDULGE IN MAHSEER-FISHING FROM THE BANK



A REMARKABLE NEW ARRIVAL PHOTOGRAPHED IN ITS TANK IN THE "ZOO" AQUARIUM: THE 12-LB. SALMON BROUGHT FROM DEVON.

In our issue of May 14 last, we gave some remarkably interesting pictures showing H.H. the Jam Sahib of Nawanagar (misnamed, by a most unfortunate mistake, "the Jam Sahib of Mysore") mahseer-fishing. On this page, we are able to present another photograph of his Highness (who is, of course, that famous sportsman, "Ranji") taken while he was mahseer-fishing in the Cauvery. "Ranji," it may be added, is one of the most enthusiastic of anglers. In India, as our photographs have shown, he is fond of mahseer-fishing. When he is over here, he goes to Ireland for salmon-fishing.—There is now to be seen in one of the big fresh-water tanks of the "Zoo's" famous Aquarium a new-run, 12-lb. salmon, presented

by the Duke of Bedford and brought from Devon. In order to test the possibilities of such a journey in the case of a salmon, a tank with a special aerating apparatus was made, and a newly-netted salmon was placed in it and taken for a motor-car run of six hours, over rough Devon roads. This experiment having ended successfully, the fish now on exhibition was netted, placed in the travelling tank, and conveyed to London by express train. At Waterloo it was met by a lorry and driven to the Gardens, where it was placed in the tank reserved for it. The journey-time from river to Aquarium was rather under six hours. The water in the travelling tank was aerated from time to time by an attendant.

OSBERT SITWELL ON AMERICA.—I.

IT is best, perhaps, to preface these three articles by certain definite statements, so that there shall be no miscomprehensions. The writer, though he infinitely prefers Europe to America, and would regard with dismay the prospect of a lifetime spent there, yet found America by far the most fascinating country to visit, a country unique in its modernity, its humanity, and intelligence; a country which gives the visitor the most in new ideas and intuitions, and which, once visited, must inevitably lure the traveller again. For it changes its whole being in seven years as completely as does the human body. Every city in every State is completely renewed within that period. So near and close to the American is the coming, but always pleasant, change, that he lives as much in the future and on credit as upon the past, its assets and achievements. The laurels of the future are to him as real as those on which Europe foolishly, if elegantly, reclines. To us in England, the past is part of the present. There are thousands of houses all over the country—cottages as well as greathouses—of which the walls and the things that stand within them are constant reminders—not that Queen Anne is dead, but that she lived only eight generations—that is to say, eight people—ago. Even the enormous chasm of the Industrial Age cannot quite cut us off from the opposite shore. In America, on the other hand, the past seems an incredible while ago; all the dead kings and queens, from Semiramis to Queen Anne and Queen Victoria, seem contemporaries, so distant all.

The great, the first, relief that awaits you in America is to find yourself in a country that has no problem except that of its own immense success. No dark tomorrow presses down on the American head. So it used to be in the halcyon days of good King Edward, when the Derby and its possible winner were the only apparent problems that faced the English nation. Having no problem except her own prosperity, America is free to face any problems that arise. This gives her confidence. She is growing more used to command, more aware of her prestige, which, alone in world history, is due to a negative quality—to sitting still and not being silly, instead of to the adventurous, if often vicious, qualities such as war and buccaneering, which once made European countries powerful and prosperous. But Europe, alas! England, has lost confidence. Even her Prime Minister is content to reflect, like any dismissed housemaid, that he is "doing his best," not, as such a dignitary would formerly have supposed, that he was doing *the best*: the best thing possible in the best possible world. In America, then, they can still indulge in that most expensive of national luxuries, politics; whereas Europe no longer has politics, but only economic problems. For Europe, too, only has one real problem, the problem of her failure. And that is best dealt with by one man, rather than by a large and extravagant Government: hence the triumph of Lenin and Mussolini.

The next impression that comes to the stranger is that in this wonderfully buoyant life to which he has been transported he is, to a far greater degree

than he expected, a foreigner. The language of the new arrival and the porter who, after extremely little trouble with the customs-house officers, takes his luggage, is mutually incomprehensible. "Alien" stares him in the face. The Englishman is in a country of very friendly, but very foreign, foreigners. The words "yep" and "yah," instead of "yes," hurtle like daggers round his head. And the fact of so much blood in common only makes this foreignism more strange. The Englishman, for his part, becomes for the first time European, willing at any moment to defend any country of the Old World against attack. The American is more different from the Englishman than is the Russian or Italian. The level of consciousness is as subtly different between European and American as between European and Chinese; not better, not worse, but different. This may be due in part to that dissimilarity in their attitude towards the past and future to which we have referred.

has taken two hundred years to appear, but is now there for us all to see. Indeed, the soil of America is profoundly anti-European; perhaps, as that immensely stimulating and often irritating genius, Mr. D. H. Lawrence, has suggested in his "Studies of Classic American Literature," because it is haunted by its indigenous ghosts. At any rate, it does not want to be European. No European house looks well in America; no European furniture will survive there; while the Old Master pictures can almost be heard screaming in their death agony, as they crack from corner to corner in the dry and uncongenial climate in which they now find themselves. Every official or unofficial act of American policy, from the Declaration of Independence downward, has, however intended, in whatever spirit of help and humanity it has been offered, in the end done damage to Europe. The influence of one on the other is fatal. Europe is tending to become a second-rate America; America a second-rate Europe.

The Constitution of America alone was a deadly blow at European prestige; its declared assumption that all men were equal, not only in the sight of God, but within the State, at once undermined the old monarchic and feudal systems, and substituted in their place the Dollar Standard for mankind. That the love of money and liberty, combined, which this act displayed, was a legacy from the English settlers, no one would attempt to deny. It is a typically utilitarian yet idealistic production of the English Puritan. Yet even the English Puritans (if there still are any) are monarchic in their outlook; while the American, however much he may revel in the, to him, exotic qualities of royal pageantry, is essentially anti-monarchic.

The efforts of Europe to "curry favour" with America

by aping its unsuitable business methods, and by lip-service to their golden democracy, are unavailing and undignified. The American likes the European to be a European, the Englishman to be an Englishman. Thus when Mussolini, proudly raising his pseudo-Roman banner, declares that all men are not equal, and that many of them ought to have no rights at all, he gets a far better hearing, a far more enthusiastic Press, from America, than do all the pseudo-democratic bleatings of English Conservative Governments. Besides, the moment that Europe, in order to please America, takes a peace-loving, international, democratic trend, America will develop its own brand of moneyed imperialism and aloofness.

Indeed, the American is already beginning to distrust his own standard of money-values, just at the moment when Europe is adopting it. It thus shocks him terribly that, while he is often accused of the blind worship of money, he now finds that Europeans are often worse in this respect than himself; and when he notices people who would not be received at all in New York charlestoning their way through the drawing-rooms of Paris, London, and Berlin, his horror knows no bounds.



LIKE A MAYA OR AZTEC PYRAMID: NEW YORK'S LATEST TERRACED SKY-SCRAPER—THE TELEPHONE BUILDING (ON LEFT), AS SEEN FROM THE "LEVIATHAN," FLAG-SHIP OF THE UNITED STATES LINES.

The enormous Barclay-Vesey Building, the head office of the Telephone Company, is the latest giant of the new terraced type to take its place in the famous skyline. It has thirty-one storeys, of which five are underground. In the centre of the photograph is the Woolworth Building, with its Gothic spire, which for years was the highest in the city. Both these buildings were the subjects of full-page illustrations in our issue of April 9 last, among many others showing the colossal architecture of modern America.

In fact, the American has a different physique, a different psyche, a different brain, from that of the European. Once realise that, and you will realise that the nicest part of the American is the American part. It is the indigenous expressions of America (such as the terraced sky-scrapers which approximate so strongly, and without intention, to the old terraced pyramids of the Maya and Aztec civilisations) that matter to the world. That America should become a richer but second-rate Europe would be a disaster. If one of the many catastrophes that threaten Western Europe were in reality to overtake it, and all the wise men, the professors and pedagogues, were driven, like so many cats running up trees, to find shelter in the States (as once the learned of Byzantium were dispersed over Europe), the result would be a disaster for America, and consequently for the world. No false and alien veneer, no "French polish," is wanted.

The soil of America (and that the soil and climate of a country produce the most extraordinary changes, even in the psychical characteristics of its inhabitants, is so obvious a fact that only the perversity of Victorian scientists can deny it) must work out its own destiny. Peter the Great attempted to make Russia a part of Western Europe in outlook and culture. The result

ON "ROYAL DAY" AT CHELSEA: THE FLORAL EVENT OF THE SEASON.

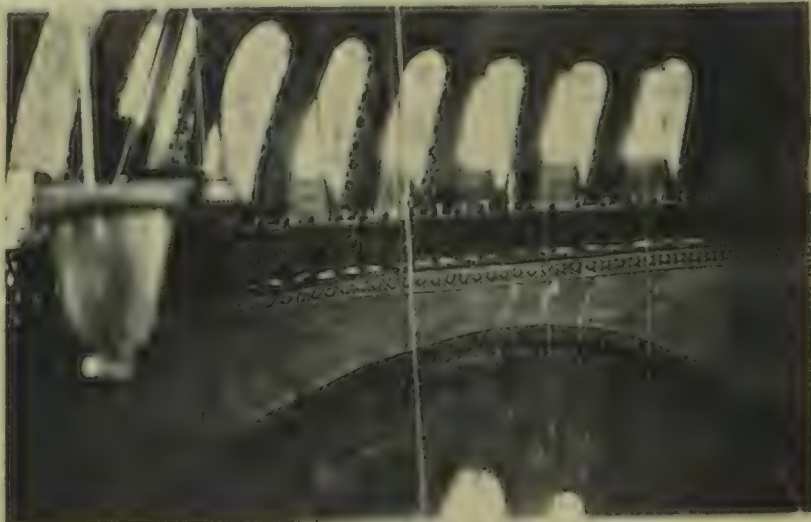


THE KING AND QUEEN AT THE FLOWER SHOW OF THE YEAR: THEIR MAJESTIES
AND SOME OF THE EXHIBITION GARDENS THEY VIEWED.

The Royal Horticultural Society's Great Spring Show has long been one of the outstanding and most delightful events of the London season, and this year, it seems superfluous to say, did not provide an exception to prove the rule. On the other hand, the Show assumed additional importance, in that it covered twice the ground hitherto found necessary. May 24 was what may be called Royal Day, for it was then that the King and Queen paid a visit; but the Private

View for Fellows and holders of Fellows' tickets was on the 25th, until noon. Since the Show left the Temple Gardens for the Royal Hospital Gardens, it has tended to become less a display of flowers than an exhibition of gardening in general, and planned gardens in particular. The first garden illustrated is by W. H. Gaze and Sons, Kingston-on-Thames; the second is by R. Wallace and Co.; the third is by James Carter and Co., Raynes Park.

CONSTANTINOPLE'S PARALLEL TO ST. PAUL'S: SAVING ST. SOPHIA.



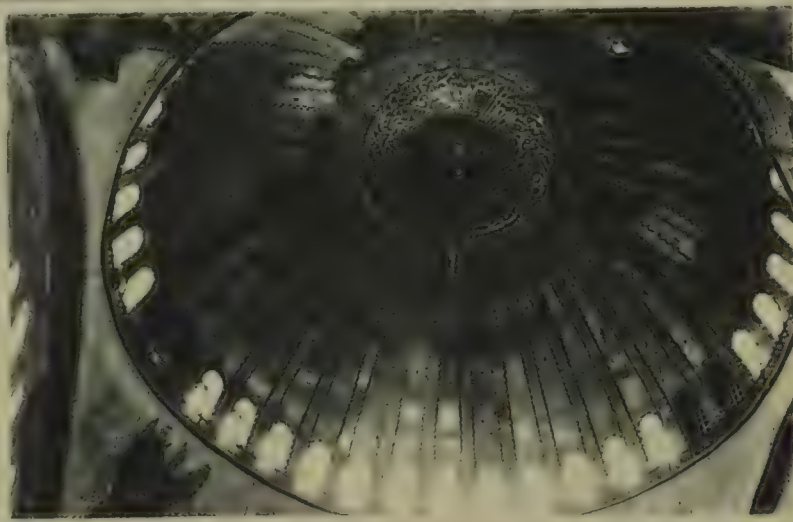
SHOWING THE DISTORTION OF THE GREAT ARCH ON THE SOUTH SIDE: THE INTERIOR OF THE MAJESTIC DOME OF ST. SOPHIA AT CONSTANTINOPLE, SEEN FROM THE UPPER GALLERY.



THE SOUTHERN GALLERY OF ST. SOPHIA, LOOKING EASTWARD: A VIEW THAT ALSO SHOWS DISTORTION OF THE ARCHES, BUT AT A POINT WHERE THE EFFECT OF THE THRUST IS COMPARATIVELY SLIGHT.



WITH A DECAYED MOSAIC OF AN ANGEL, WHOSE FACE HAS BEEN DESTROYED: THE INTERIOR OF THE DOME, SHOWING THE UPPER GALLERY AND DISTORTION OF THE GREAT SOUTHERN ARCH.



SHOWING (FAINTLY) PATCHES DUE TO INFILTRATION OF DAMP: THE INTERIOR OF THE DOME, WITH FIGURES ON THE PIERS AT EACH SIDE—ALL THAT REMAINS OF THE ORIGINAL MOSAICS.



WITH ORIGINAL BYZANTINE BRICKWORK BELOW: SMALL PIERS (NOW ROOFED WITH CEMENT) AT THE BASE OF THE DOME, AND A NEW WINDOW.



WITH GRASS GROWING ON MORTAR FROM WHICH LEAD SHEETING HAD BEEN BLOWN AWAY: THE ROOF BELOW THE DOME IN A TERRIBLE STATE, SINCE REPAIRED.

Describing the restoration now in progress at Saint Sophia, from personal observations during a recent visit, Mr. Talbot Rice says: "The first signs of danger as one ascends the dome are fissures in walls and piers and alarming distortion of the arches on the south side of the first gallery. They have been bent, almost crumpled, by the immense pressure of the dome. Happily the movement there seems of ancient date, and the arches should continue to bear

the dome caused by penetration of damp. Here and there the mosaics are beginning to fall, for the plaster has begun to decay. In 1926 it was realised that, unless the penetration of water was prevented, not only the mosaics, but the dome itself, stood in great danger. The lead roofing had not been touched since 1849. The plates on the dome had buckled. . . . In some places, even, patches had been swept away by the wind, leaving the soft mortar bed to harbour



WHERE THE CRUMELING OF THE GREAT NORTHERN ARCH IS CLEARLY VISIBLE: THE INTERIOR OF ST. SOPHIA, LOOKING NORTH-EAST.

the weight they have borne for so many centuries. The cracks in the large piers which support the dome are more serious. . . . Fikri Bey, the architect in charge of the restorations, told me he hoped to solidify the piers by 'grouting'—i.e., forcing liquid cement into the cracks. . . . An examination of the foundations showed that the whole building is founded on rock. . . . The huge south arch has been forced far from the perpendicular, while the curve of the vault is far from regular. Even more striking is the form of the dome, which is by no means circular. . . . Far more important are the large blurs in the interior of

damp and decay. Such was the state of the roof in August 1926, when the department of Evkaf (Religious Foundations) undertook the repairs. Work has since continued regularly in removing and recasting all the lead, and will secure the roof for another fifty years. . . . The small piers around the base of the dome have to be carefully examined. The lead is being replaced by cement plaster. . . . The wooden frames of the small windows between these piers had decayed and are being replaced by plaster frames. In a few months we may hope to hear that one of the finest and most inspiring buildings in the world is safe."



SCULPTURING THE KING OF SPAIN, WHOSE SILVER JUBILEE AS REIGNING SOVEREIGN HAS JUST BEEN CELEBRATED: VICENTE NAVARRO MAKING A BUST FOR BARCELONA.



KING SINCE THE DAY OF HIS BIRTH AND RULER OF HIS COUNTRY FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS:
H.M. THE KING OF SPAIN.

THE SILVER JUBILEE OF KING ALFONSO'S ACCESSION : HIS MAJESTY AND HIS QUEEN.



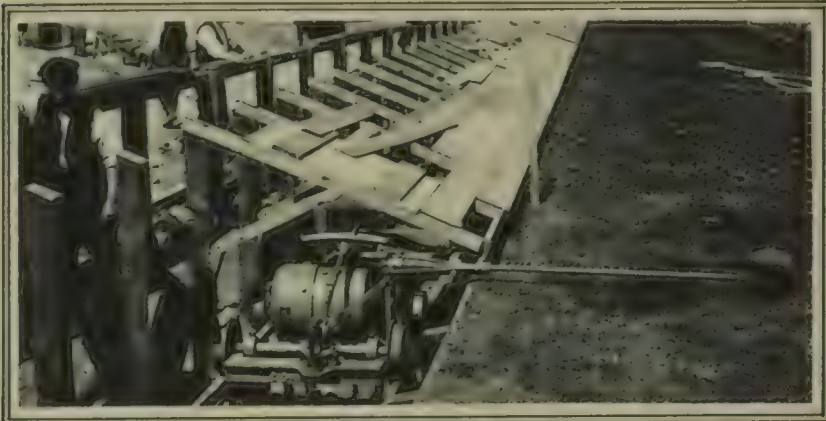
MARRIED TO KING ALFONSO ON MAY 31, 1906 :
H.M. THE QUEEN OF SPAIN.

On May 17 last, his forty-first birthday, the King of Spain was congratulated heartily, not only on this event, but also on the fact that the day marked the Silver Jubilee of his assumption of the reins of government on his official coming-of-age in 1902, when he was sixteen. Spain had a four-days' public holiday in celebration of the occasion. His Majesty, son of the late King Alfonso XII. and Maria Christina, daughter of the late Karl Ferdinand, Archduke of Austria, was born on May 17, 1886, after his father's death; and he succeeded at once. Before his birth his sister, Maria de las Mercedes, who was born on September 11, 1880, was Queen. Until he was sixteen, his mother acted as Regent. On May 31, 1906, his Majesty married Princess Victoria Eugénie, daughter of the late Prince Henry of Battenberg and Princess Beatrice. In a message to the "Sunday Times" the other day, General Primo de Rivera paid tribute to King Alfonso in the words: "I should like to see incorporated in your article these lines of mine expressing my eulogy and admiration for the King, who, by his patriotism and his noble yet modest qualities, so well interprets the Spanish soul, and lives in constant, closest touch with his people and his Government."

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEW ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.



A REMARKABLY DECORATIVE PHOTOGRAPH OF A RACE, SUGGESTING A FRIEZE ON A GREEK VASE: A SILHOUETTE OF THE BEACON SELLING HANDICAP AT LEWES, WITH THE WINNER, DRIVE ON (STEVE DONOGHUE UP), THIRD FROM RIGHT.



THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE GREYHOUND RACING TRACK AT THE WHITE CITY: BOARDING-OVER THE ELECTRIC MOTOR THAT CARRIES THE MECHANICAL "HARE."



GREYHOUND RACING AT BIRMINGHAM: TRAINING SOME OF THE DOGS TO LEAVE THE STARTING GATE ON THE NEW COURSE AT KING'S HEATH.



WHIRLING LIKE A STUPENDOUS TOP: A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH, FROM TWO MILES' DISTANCE, OF AN APPROACHING TORNADO REPORTED TO HAVE KILLED 300 PEOPLE RECENTLY IN OKLAHOMA.

Greyhound racing is a comparatively new sport which is becoming very popular. Courses have now been constructed at the White City (Shepherd's Bush) and at King's Heath, Birmingham. The sport had previously been established at Manchester, whose track we illustrated in our issues of July 31 and October 30 last year. The dogs pursue a mechanical hare, which is carried round the course, just ahead of them, at the end of a rod attached to an electric motor running on rails beside the track.—The tornado seen in our photograph above was one that recently swept over the Middle West of the United States. It devastated many parts of the Mississippi valley, causing enormous damage and the loss of about three hundred lives. The photograph was taken from a point in western Oklahoma, about two miles from the centre of the storm.—The little engine, "Typhoon," built for the Romney, Hythe and Dymchurch Light Railway, was recently placed beside the great Flying Scotsman locomotive, "Pacific," in the sheds at King's Cross: The eight-ton "Typhoon" is an exact replica of the 150-ton "Pacific" on a scale of one third of the latter's dimensions.—Seven of the British golf team left Southampton on May 21 in the "Aquitania" for the United States, to oppose American professionals in the Ryder Cup match at Worcester, Massachusetts, on June 3 and 4. Abe Mitchell, chosen captain, was prevented from going by illness at the last moment. The vacancy was filled by H. C. Jolly (who sailed later), and Ted Ray became captain. Aubrey Boomer joined the "Aquitania" at Cherbourg.



"DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE": THE TINY 8-TON "TYPHOON" (OF THE DYMCHURCH LIGHT RAILWAY) BESIDE THE 150-TON L.N.E.R. "PACIFIC" (FLYING SCOTSMAN), OF WHICH IT IS A REPLICA IN LITTLE.



THE BRITISH GOLF TEAM FOR THE RYDER CUP LEAVING FOR THE U.S. IN THE "AQUITANIA": (L. TO R., BEGINNING AT SECOND FROM LEFT), MR. S. RYDER, GADD, HAVERS, DUNCAN, RAY, ROBSON, COMPSTON (AT BACK), WHITCOMBE, AND MITCHELL (TAKEN ILL AND UNABLE TO GO).

WAGNER TO AN EMPTY HOUSE: GRAND OPERA IN EVERYDAY DRESS.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I. (COPYRIGHTED.)



REHEARSING GRAND OPERA AT COVENT GARDEN: SINGING TO AN AUDITORIUM OCCUPIED ONLY BY A FEW STRAY CLEANERS AND THE ORCHESTRA.

This drawing shows the stage at Covent Garden, as seen from one of the wings, during the rehearsal of a passage in Act III. of Wagner's opera, "Die Walküre." The incident in progress comes a little later than that illustrated in the larger drawing on pages 958 and 959. As there noted, the stage at Covent Garden, while grand opera is being rehearsed, is a scene of intense and manifold activity, but the auditorium is empty, except for the orchestra and a few stray cleaners at work

here and there about the theatre. The romance of the "Ring" is proclaimed in music and song, not to "capacity," but to vacancy, and some of the singers appear in ordinary modern dress. On the particular occasion shown in the drawing, the Act was taken through almost without a stop. In the left foreground of the picture the electrician is seen watching the effects of his lighting arrangements. Beyond him, in the centre of the front part of the stage, is the prompter's box.

A GRAND OPERA REHEARSAL: MANIFOLD ACTIVITIES PRECEDING A WAGNER PRODUCTION AT COVENT GARDEN.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I. (COPYRIGHTED.)



REHEARSING GRAND OPERA: A CHORUS-MASTER CONDUCTING: A STAGE-DIRECTOR (RIGHT BACKGROUND) COACHING A SINGER (LEFT BACKGROUND) IN GESTURE.

A rehearsal at the Royal Opera, Covent Garden, is always a most interesting thing. In all departments—orchestra, chorus, principals, ballet, scenes, lights and machinery—intense activity goes forward for weeks before the production. The five great electric bridges on the stage, which are much used in the "Ring" cycle and in spectacular operas such as Puccini's "Turandot," have to be tested and overhauled and got into thorough working order. Scenery is dug out of store and renovated, costumes and "properties" are made, and attention is given to the hundred-and-one details that go to make up grand opera. In odd corners of the theatre, in little rooms, vocalists are rehearsed within hearing of the stage. The thousands of lamps of all kinds for the stage have to be fitted for the different scenes. All these various elements of activity are combined and correlated for the great productions. The picture gives an impression of

a rehearsal of "Die Walküre" ("The Valkyrie"), the particular incident being an early part of Act III. In the background is shown one of the stage directors coaching the actress on the left in gesture and movement. She is standing on a built-up piece of scenery on one of the bridges, which are used to represent rocks and mountains, and give an effect of distance and atmosphere. The stage hand on the right is leaning against one of the many ladder-like stands for side-lights, not in use for this act. In the centre we see a chorus-master, with a small electric light on his chest to illuminate the score he holds, conducting a small chorus. On the left in the middle distance the scene-painter-in-chief is watching effects; and, in front of the tackle used for hoisting the Rhine Maidens, a property-man is bringing out property spears. A later moment in the same act in rehearsal is illustrated on page 957

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Humber (other)	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Jowett	A	A	A	A	A	A
Lagonda, 12/24 h.p.	A	A	A	A	A	A
Lagonda (other)	BB	A	BB	A	—	—
Lanchester	A	A	A	A	A	A
Lancia (Lambdal)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Morris-Cowley	A	A	A	A	A	A
Morris-Oxford	A	A	A	A	A	A
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Peugeot (other)	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Riley, 11 and 12 h.p.	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Rolls-Royce	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Rover, 8 h.p.	—	—	—	—	BB	BB
Rover (other)	A	A	A	A	A	A
Singer	A	A	A	A	A	A
Standard, 14 h.p.	—	—	BB	A	BB	A
Standard (other)	A	A	A	A	A	A
Sunbeam, 4 and 6 cyl.	A	A	A	A	A	A
Swift	A	A	A	A	A	A
Talbot 18/55 and 20/60 h.p.	A	A	A	A	BB	A
Talbot (other)	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Trojan	A	A	A	A	A	A
Vauxhall, 14/40 h.p.	A	A	A	A	BB	A
Vauxhall, 23/60 and 25/70 h.p.	A	A	A	A	A	A
Vauxhall (other)	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Wolsley	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A

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THE SEMI-FINALISTS IN THE LADIES' OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: MISS ENID WILSON AND Mlle. LE BLAN (L. TO R., STANDING); AND Mlle. SIMONE DE LA CHAUME (THE WINNER) AND MISS DOROTHY PEARSON (L. TO R., SITTING).



MAKER OF AN ALTITUDE RECORD FOR LIGHT AEROPLANES (16,000 FT.): MRS. S. C. ELLIOTT LYNN—EXAMINING HER HEIGHT-RECORDER.



VISCOUNT AND VISCOUNTESS HAMBLEDEN AT THE OPENING OF MESSRS. W. H. SMITH AND SON'S SPORTS GROUND AT PRESTON ROAD, WEMBLEY: UNDER AN "ARCH" OF BATS HELD BY MEMBERS OF THE CRICKET ELEVENS.



THE ENGLAND v. SCOTLAND GOLF MATCH AT HOYLAKES: SCOTLAND.

(Sitting, left to right) Messrs. W. A. Murray, W. J. Guild (Capt.), A. Jamieson, Robert Harris; (standing, left to right) W. B. Torrance, W. L. Hope, C. Gibb junr., W. Tulloch, W. Willis Mackenzie, and A. F. Simpson.



THE ENGLAND v. SCOTLAND GOLF MATCH AT HOYLAKES: ENGLAND.

(Sitting, left to right) Messrs. T. F. Ellison, C. J. H. Tolley (Capt.), R. H. Wethered, E. F. Storey; (standing, left to right) R. H. Hardman, T. P. Perkins, J. B. Beddard, W. Lister Hartley, Rex W. Hartley, and H. D. Gillies.



A LAWN-TENNIS STAR FOR WIMBLEDON: MISS HELEN WILLS, WHO IS AN ABLE ARTIST, MAKING A DRAWING IN NEW YORK JUST BEFORE SHE LEFT FOR ENGLAND.



THE LADY LAWN-TENNIS CHAMPION OF SURREY AND THE RUNNER-UP—BOTH OF SOUTH AFRICA: MISS E. L. HEINE, THE WINNER (RIGHT); AND MRS. PEACOCK



MR. W. T. TILDEN RE-PROVES HIMSELF TO BE A GREAT LAWN-TENNIS STAR: THE FAMOUS U.S. PLAYER (LEFT) WITH THE DEFEATED M. LACOSTE, AT THE STADE FRANÇAISE, PARIS.

In the semi-finals of the Ladies' Open Golf Championship, Mlle. Simone de la Chaume, the French lady champion, beat Miss Enid Wilson by 7 and 6, and Miss D. Pearson beat Mlle. le Blan by 4 and 3. In the final, Mlle. de la Chaume beat Miss Pearson by 5 and 4 in the thirty-six-holes match.—At Hamble, on May 19, Mrs. S. C. Elliott Lynn and Lady Bailey set up an altitude record for light aeroplanes by reaching a height of 16,000 ft. in an Avro Avian with an 85-h.p. Cirrus Mark 11 engine. Mrs. Lynn acted as pilot.—The second Viscount Hambleden succeeded his mother in the Viscountcy in 1913. In 1894, he married Lady Esther Gore, third daughter of the fifth Earl of Arran.—The England

versus Scotland golf match at Hoylake ended in a draw at seven games all.—Miss Helen Wills, who will, of course, be one of the great attractions at Wimbledon, arrived in this country from the United States on May 22. It is interesting to note that she has considerable talent as an artist. Some of her work was published in "The Sketch" last year, and aroused much attention.—On May 21, Miss E. L. Heine, of the South African ladies' team, became the lady lawn-tennis champion of Surrey by defeating Mrs. Peacock, her captain, by two sets to one (1-6, 6-3, 7-5).—In the lawn-tennis matches between France and America Mr. W. T. Tilden beat M. René Lacoste and M. J. Borotra.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD: VIEWS OF THE MOST



SAID TO BE THE FIRST MINE-LAYER SPECIALLY BUILT FOR THE NAVY, AS DISTINGUISHED FROM SHIPS CONVERTED: H.M.S. "ADVENTURE" LEAVING DEVONPORT TO JOIN THE ATLANTIC FLEET ON HER FIRST COMMISSION.



HONOURING THE ORIGINATOR OF "SUMMER TIME": THE SUNDIAL IN MEMORY OF MR. WILLIAM WILLETT, IN PETT'S WOOD, CHICHESTER—SHOWING MRS. WILLETT, MARQUESS CAMDEN, WHO UNVEILED IT, AND LORD NORTHBORNE.

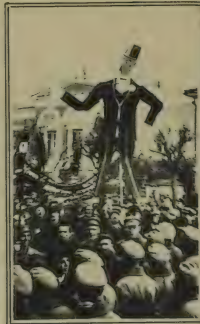


THE ARMEN RESCUED IN THE PERSIAN GULF: FLIGHT-LIEUTENANTS CARR AND GILLMAN, WITH MRS. GILLMAN, BEFORE THE START.

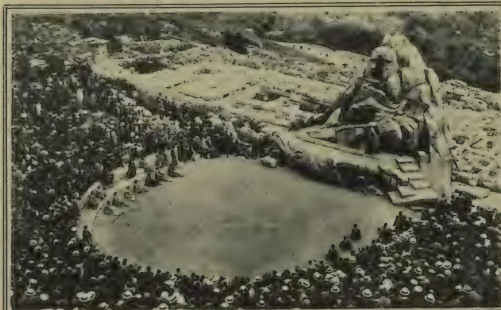
The new cruiser-mine-layer "Adventure," which lately joined the Atlantic Fleet, is a ship of 6740 tons, with a maximum speed of 27.75 knots. She is commanded by Captain P. E. Parker, D.S.O.—Demonstrations and meetings of protest against the police raid on the Arcos offices in London have taken place in Moscow, Leningrad, and other towns in Russia. On May 17 the Soviet Government handed a Note of protest to the British Charge d'Affaires in Moscow. On May 24 the Prime Minister announced the British Government's decision that, unless the House expressed disapproval on the 26th, diplomatic relations with the Soviet Government of Russia would be terminated.—The King of Italy visited the ruins of Herculaneum on May 16, and struck the first blow of the new excavations with a silver pick inscribed "Effodiendum est Herculaneum."—The King of Spain celebrated on May 17 his forty-first birthday and the Silver Jubilee of his official coming-of-age, at sixteen, in 1902.—Pett's Wood, near Chislehurst, was opened to the public on May 21 as a memorial to the late Mr. William Willett, the originator of "Summer Time." A sundial was unveiled by Marquess Camden, Lord Lieutenant of the county.—The "Prometheus



MOSCOW DEMONSTRATES AGAINST THE ARCOS RAID: CROWDS IN VOROVSKY STREET, WHERE THE BRITISH MISSION WAS GUARDED.



BEARING AN EFFIGY OF SIR AUGUSTUS CHAMBERLAIN, COMPLETE WITH EYE-GLASS: ANTI-BRITISH DEMONSTRATORS IN MOSCOW.



ASCHYLUS PLAYED IN THE ANCIENT THEATRE AT DELPHI: THE "PROMETHEUS BOUND"—SHOWING PROMETHEUS FASTENED TO THE TOP OF AN ARTIFICIAL ROCK, AND (BEYOND) THE RUINS OF THE TEMPLE OF APOLLO.



THE MACHINE THAT FELL INTO THE PERSIAN GULF: R.A.F. CADETS AT CRANWELL HELPING MECHANICS TO MOVE OUT THE HORSLEY BIPLANE USED BY FLIGHT-LIEUTENANTS CARR AND GILLMAN.

NOTABLE EVENTS AND OCCASIONS NEAR AND FAR.



HERCULANEUM DURING THE VISIT OF KING VICTOR, WHO, WITH A SILVER PICK, INAUGURATED THE NEW EXCAVATIONS IN THE VOLCANIC EMBARKMENT (ON RIGHT): A GENERAL VIEW OF THE OCCASION.



EURIPIDES PLAYED IN THE ANCIENT THEATRE AT POMPEII: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE PERFORMANCE OF "ALCESTIS," BY THE SAME CAST AS HAD APPEARED IN IT PREVIOUSLY AT SYRACUSE.



KING ALFONSO'S SILVER JUBILEE: THE SPANISH ROYAL FAMILY GROUP IN THE PALACE CHAPEL—(L. TO R.) DON GONZALO, INFANTA BEATRIZ, THE PRINCE OF THE ASTURIAS, THE QUEEN, THE KING, THE QUEEN MOTHER, DON JAIME, AND INFANTA MARIA CRISTINA.



A FAMOUS SERVICE CLUB WHOSE CENTENARY DINNER THE PRINCE OF WALES ARRANGED TO ATTEND: AN OLD PRINT OF THE JUNIOR UNITED SERVICE CLUB (LEFT) AS IT WAS A CENTURY AGO.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK HOLDING AN OPEN-AIR POPULAR RECEPTION AT HOBART, TASMANIA: A POLICEMAN LAYS A RESTRAINING HAND ON AN ELDERLY WOMAN SHOWING EXCESS OF ENTHUSIASM.



NOW ON THEIR HOMEWARD VOYAGE: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS WATCHING A MARCH-PAST OF SCOUTS AND GIRL GUIDES AT HOBART.

Bound "of Aeschylus was performed recently in the ancient Greek theatre at Delphi before an audience of about 2000. The production was organised by M. and Mme. Sikelianos. The artificial rock behind the stage had cave entrances and exits for the actors and chorus.—The "Alcestis" of Euripides was performed on May 12 in the ancient theatre at Pompeii, under the direction of Signor Ettore Romanogli.—The Prince of Wales arranged to attend the centenary dinner, on May 24, of the Junior United Service Club in Charles Street. It was founded in 1827 on the suggestion of the Duke of Wellington.—Flight-Lieutenants Carr and Gillman left Cranwell at 10.42 a.m. on May 20, to fly to Karachi, or beyond. Owing to shortage of petrol, they came down in the Persian Gulf, and after spending a night on their floating machine, in a shark-infested sea, were rescued by a lighthouse-keeper, and later transferred to the S.S. "Donax," of London.—The Duke and Duchess of York, who are now on their way home, arrived at Hobart on April 16, and in the afternoon held one of their open-air popular receptions which proved so successful. They stood for an hour on a dais while tens of thousands of people passed by.

WHERE TARQUINIUS SUPERBUS BOUGHT THE SIBYLLINE BOOKS:

EXCAVATIONS AT CUMÆ INAUGURATED BY KING VICTOR ALONG WITH HERCULANEUM.

By PHILIP R. MACKENZIE.

ORACULAR predictions constituted one of the oldest beliefs of mankind, and the temples of inspired priestesses, or Sibyls, were, since the earliest times, always crowded with pilgrims. In these temples the prophetess, full of the god, and identified with him, foretold the future, warded off dangers, healed the sick, comforted the sorrowful, helped the unhappy, gave consolation in suffering and relief in distress. Various cities of antiquity were identified with their oracular temples, and among the most famous was Cumæ, the oldest Greek colony in Italy, situated near the sea in the Bay of Naples on a volcanic eminence about 300 ft. high.

Cumæ, said to have been founded in the eighth century B.C., was the centre whence Hellenic forms of worship were spread all over Italy, and was celebrated as the residence of the earliest Sibyl, who gave to Tarquinius Superbus, the seventh king of Rome, the famous Sibylline Books, which he deposited in the vaults of the Temple of Jupiter on the Capitol at Rome. It is related that the Sibyl offered to sell him nine books for 300 pieces of gold. The king refused the offer with scorn. The Sibyl went away, burned three books, and demanded the same price for the remaining six. The king still refused. She again went away and burnt three more, and still demanded the same price for the three books left. The king purchased them, and the Sibyl then disappeared.

The Grotto of the Sibyl, "hollowed in the mountain side, with its hundred entrances and as many issues whence peal forth the hundred voices answering the prophetess," as described in Virgil's "Æneid," has survived to the present day, together with the huge external walls of the Acropolis and the ruins of four temples, that dedicated to Apollo being the most famous.

The excavation of the Temple of Apollo was started fourteen years ago, but had to be interrupted during the war. The principal entrance to the Grotto of the Sibyl, on the side of the hill facing the sea, had been identified long ago, but most of the passages were blocked up. Systematic excavations were recently resumed to celebrate the two-thousandth anniversary of Virgil's birth, and, although progress has been necessarily slow, still the results so far obtained have been highly satisfactory.

The terrace of the Temple of Apollo was unearthed last year, and carefully strengthened. The accumulated earth of many centuries was first removed, and at a depth of 50 ft. a portion of a Roman wall was found, with four niches originally intended to contain statues. Near this wall a large room was unearthed, easily identified as a vestibule of the temple. Another wall, of tufa blocks, indicating its ancient origin, but strengthened at a later period, cut off one side of the vestibule. This wall likewise has niches for statues. There seems to be no doubt that the vestibule was intended as

a sort of waiting-room for the pilgrims, who were not admitted to the grotto in large numbers. In fact, a gallery connects the vestibule with the grotto, which will be explored as soon as the work of consolidating the ancient buildings just unearthed is completed. This work is indispensable, since, owing to the friability of the tufa, the danger of their caving-in is by no means remote, and even the Romans adopted the necessary precaution of facing with bricks any building of tufa they encountered while restoring the Temple of Apollo.

The Roman buildings recently discovered undoubtedly date from the time of Augustus, and were,

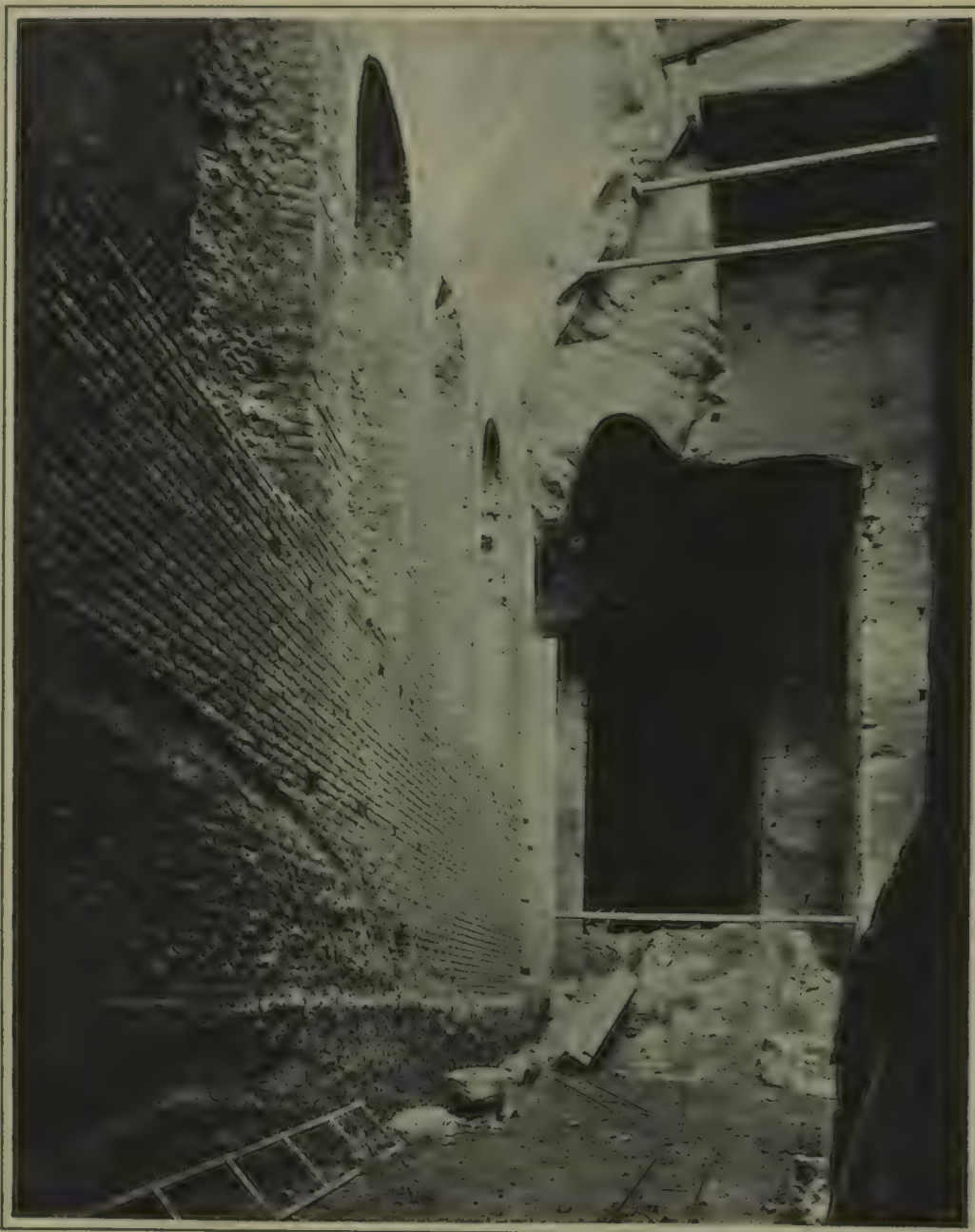
of the Temple of Apollo. The gallery, with a vaulted ceiling cut in the rock and tufa-faced walls, is 53 ft. wide, and about 16 ft. high. About one-fourth of it has been irrevocably destroyed, no doubt by Narses, the general of the Emperor Justinian, when he defeated the Goths in the year A.D. 553. Landslides and modern quarrying have considerably damaged the gallery, no trace of which would have been left had not the Romans carefully faced its walls with so-called *opus reticulatum*!

The hill where the present excavations are being carried on is traversed by caves, which are at three different levels with many branches. There is no doubt that some of them belong to a very remote date; so much so, in fact, that, from recent investigations, it has been ascertained that a pre-Hellenic settlement existed at Cumæ in 1050 B.C. before the foundation of the city. Among the remains of buildings now unearthed, original Greek work consisting of finely hewn tufa blocks has been identified. The site has been built over in different ages, the remains of old buildings being used as foundations for new ones; and, as a result, not only is their thorough investigation rendered very difficult, but the actual work of exploration, followed by excavation, must be necessarily slow, the more so as previous excavations were undertaken as early as 1792, and were afterwards covered up, as was the case with the Temple of Jove, or the Olympian Zeus, discovered at that time, no trace of which remains to-day. The identification of ancient remains was not then the principal object of excavations, which were undertaken mainly for the discovery of statues, treasure, coins, and other ancient objects. Wholesale destruction of ancient buildings was often resorted to, and no attempt was ever made to remove the debris of any structure demolished in searching for treasure.

Modern excavations undertaken in places such as Cumæ, where the original buildings served for foundations of others erected later, and where the ruins have been explored and all but destroyed during the last three centuries, are rendered extremely difficult for obvious

reasons. In the first place, before the earth and rubble accumulated for centuries is removed, it has to be carefully sifted, with the double object of recovering fragments of earlier buildings (which often can be pieced together, thus serving for their reconstruction) and of ascertaining from broken pottery, bones, ashes, and so on, the periods to which the different buildings belonged. No stone, however small and apparently insignificant, is removed from its place before it is carefully examined. Every spadeful of earth is passed through a sieve. At the same time precautions are taken to strengthen any walls which are still left standing and threaten to collapse when the supporting earth around them is removed.

[Continued in Boxes on opposite Page.



VISITED BY THE KING OF ITALY AFTER HE HAD INAUGURATED THE NEW EXCAVATIONS AT HERCULANEUM: THE GROTTA OF THE SIBYL AT CUMÆ—SHOWING THE ROMAN WALL RECENTLY UNEARTHED, NICHED FOR STATUES, IN THE VESTIBULE OF THE TEMPLE OF APOLLO.

King Victor inaugurated the new excavations at Herculaneum, near Naples, on May 16. He afterwards motored, for a similar purpose, to the site of ancient Cumæ, on the neighbouring coast, and visited the famous Grotto of the Sibyl, where research has also been proceeding. The Roman wall shown above has four large niches for statues. Two other photographs of the recent discoveries there appear on the opposite page.

in all probability, erected when the naval harbour known as Portus Julius was constructed by Agrippa, and the famous Lake Avernus, represented by Virgil as the entrance to the infernal regions, was connected with another neighbouring lake, the Lacus Lucrinus. These buildings are those described by Virgil in the "Æneid," and hence their identification is comparatively easy. Virgil, as is well known, studied Greek at Naples, which subsequently became his favourite residence, and both the "Georgics" and the "Æneid" were written at Naples.

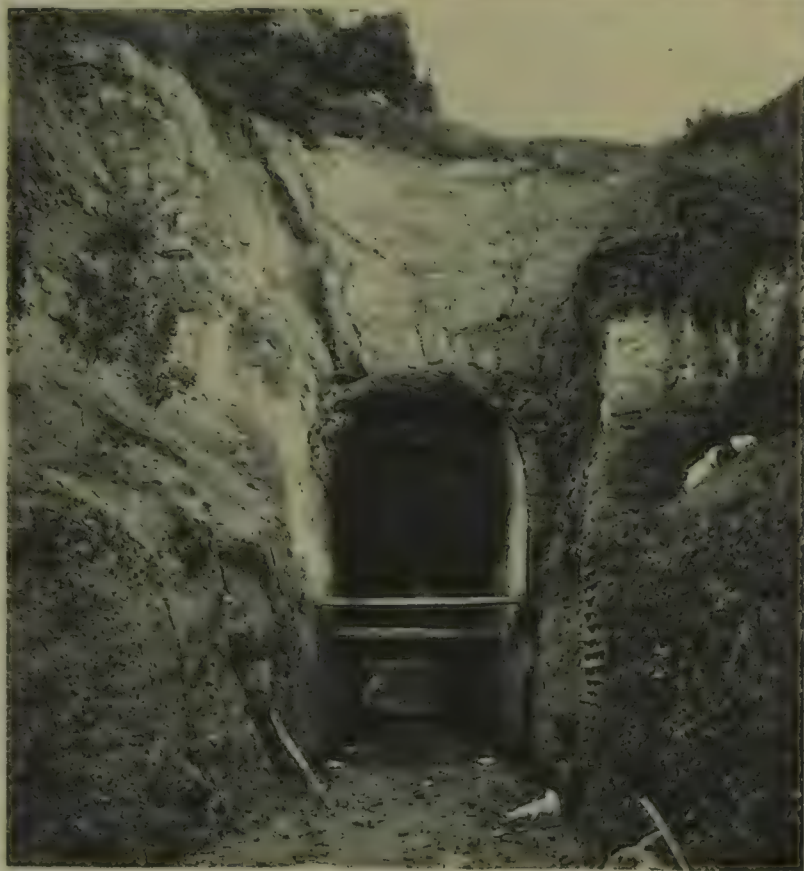
A spacious room has been unearthed on a higher level, and a gallery, originally over 100 ft. long, was discovered connecting this room with the terrace

NEW DISCOVERIES OF THE "PSYCHIC"

Continued from opposite page.]

It is not a matter of surprise, therefore, that, although the present excavations at Cumæ started two years ago, only the vestibule of the Temple of Apollo and a gallery leading from it, presumably to the hall of the Oracle, have been unearthed. An attempt to find this hall was planned early this spring, and its discovery, which it is reasonable to anticipate, will be of the utmost importance, not only from an archaeological point of view, but also scientifically, as it may lead to an explanation of oracular predictions. It is known that the Sibyl of Cumæ, like that of Delphi, prophesied in a state of divine frenzy, or when in a trance. To all intents and purposes she was a spiritualistic medium. There is every reason to believe that her trance was produced artificially by means of exhalations that issued from a chasm over which she sat on a sacred stone supported by a tripod. Possibly the priest, who acted as spokesman and interpreted the responses given by the Sibyl to the enquiries of her votaries, had the power to hypnotise her.

[Continued opposite.]



DISCOVERED DURING EXCAVATIONS IN THE GROTTA OF THE SIBYL AT CUMÆ, RECENTLY VISITED BY THE KING OF ITALY: A ROMAN GALLERY WITH VAULTED CEILING CUT THROUGH ROCK, LEADING TO THE TEMPLE OF APOLLO.

IN THE GROTTA SIBYL AT CUMÆ.

Continued.]

He certainly superintended the preparations made by the Sibyl for the oracular utterances, which consisted of fasting, prayers, bathing, and so on. Positive evidence explaining the mystery of the Oracle of Delphi is lacking. No chasm was found on the site where the Sibyl gave her utterances, and through which exhalations issued producing her trance. At Cumæ, however, a rock-hewn bath, full of natural warm water, is in existence, and it is supposed to have been used by the Sibyl. Near her temple is the volcanic lake known as Avernus, from which mephitic gas issued. The ancients believed that birds could not fly across this lake, as they were overpowered by the gas, which may have served to produce the trance of the Sibyl, if, as it is reasonably expected, some communication is discovered between Lake Avernus and the hall of the Oracle when the latter is explored. The modern science of psychic phenomena may thus be confirmed, perhaps, by evidence afforded through the researches and discoveries of archaeology.



AS SEEN FROM THE GROUND BELOW, LOOKING VERTICALLY UPWARD: THE TOP OF THE ROMAN WALL, WITH ITS NICHES FOR STATUES, IN THE VESTIBULE OF THE TEMPLE OF APOLLO AT CUMÆ, WITH THE TUFA FORMATION ABOVE—A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT THE SAME SPOT AS THAT SHOWN ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.

The King of Italy visited Cumæ on May 16, to inspect the new excavations there, after he had ceremonially struck the first blow, with a silver pick, to inaugurate the work at Herculaneum. As noted in the article on the opposite page, there was at Cumæ a Temple of Apollo, connected with the famous Grotto of the Sibyl, a prophetess who pronounced the oracular utterances of the god (as at the Oracle of Delphi) in a state of trance resembling that of a modern spiritualistic medium. The Sibyl of Cumæ is supposed to have been affected by

gaseous exhalations issuing from Lake Avernus. We may recall that there was recently found in the grotto a magnificent Roman statue, 6 ft. high, believed to be an idealised portrait of Marcus Claudius Marcellus (the favourite nephew of Augustus) who died at Baiæ, aged only twenty, in 23 B.C. Marcellus figures in Virgil's description, in the sixth book of the "Æneid," of the journey of Æneas to the lower regions. Two other interesting statues have since been found at Cumæ, one of Poseidon, and the other believed to represent his wife, Amphitrite.

At the Sign of St. Paul's

By JOHN OWEN.

Trains that Pass in the Night.

With the opening of the early summer holiday season, our minds turn particularly to thoughts of those short and agreeable journeys into France which are becoming each year a more regular feature of the lives of so many. May to June is the best time of the year for the Paris visit, and announcements of the train services and other arrangements are just published. I notice that an evening paper complains that, though the companies profess to have restored most of the pre-war services, the night train to Paris via Dover has not been replaced in the time-table. Railway companies are not romantic; they probably have no special gratitude even to Mr. Kipling for his lyric reminder that Romance brought up the 9.15. They do not realise that by denying us who remain in London a night express to Paris they withhold from us a thrill. When young and imaginative I used to stand at the Conway Tunnel and watch the Irish Mail plunge into it on its way to Holyhead; and, watching, I used to remember the men who at different times had sat in that train as it dived into that black mouth, and had been borne on to play some part in the tragic history of Ireland—O'Connell, Lord Frederick Cavendish, Parnell, John Redmond. The sight of a train has an extraordinary power to suggest the idea of a prelude to history; and to stand in a great station and watch a lighted express setting out for a Channel port is to remind oneself of many a great event whose engineer had to begin operations by constituting himself an ordinary passenger in the Paris express. Among the greater of these occasions is Gordon's last setting out from Charing Cross: "Lord Granville took his ticket, Lord Wolseley carried the General's bag, and the Duke of Cambridge held open the carriage door." I have referred to Mr. Kipling: thinking of the Paris night express, I always find myself remembering the scene in Dick's chambers, high over Charing Cross, recorded in "The Light that Failed":

"Northward the lights of Piccadilly Circus and Leicester Square threw a copper-coloured glare above the black roofs, and southward lay all the orderly lights of the Thames. A train rolled out across one of the railway bridges, and its thunder drowned for a minute the dull roar of the streets. The Nilghai looked at his watch and said shortly: 'That's the Paris night mail. You can book from here to St. Petersburg if you choose.'"

The Heart Affairs of Mary Tudor.

Apropos the Dover-Calais route, it is amusing to remember that at one time we owned both ends of this useful and popular "ferry." There is a particular reason for our being reminded of this fact just now. I do not know if it has been generally noticed, but May 21 marked the four-hundredth anniversary of the birth of the most unpopular royal bridegroom who ever married an English Princess. On that date, in 1527, there was born at Valladolid Philip II. of Spain and husband of our Queen Mary Tudor, whose marriage was indirectly the reason for the loss of our last piece of French territory. Mary had been urged by her Parliament to find a husband among her English nobles, but Charles of Spain came forward with the offer of his son. Mary, who saw in such a marriage the realisation of her political dreams, joyfully agreed. Philip, though eleven years her junior, was a widower. As the world soon discovered, the marriage was not a success. Philip, though able, was cold and silent, and in no sense an enchanter of hearts. The people of his bride hated him with that worst hatred that springs from deep-set suspicion. Philip does not seem to have minded, for he was ready later, when a vacancy occurred, to espouse Elizabeth, who, on her part, was as willing to wear a Spanish mantilla as to tread an English

cloak. What the English people particularly disliked was Philip's effort to use their armies for his own purposes. Mary allowed us to fight in France, but the people of England were easily able to control their enthusiasm when they heard of the success of the Spanish arms; and presently England

Philip is, of course, the particular Philip of Spain who projected the Spanish Armada, and was the victim of Drake's well-known tonsorial achievement when, at Cadiz, our famous sailor singed the King of Spain's beard. Philip was a man of great ability. His manner made him unpopular. He avoided his people, governed by deputy, and acted on written reports. He deliberately practised *hauteur*, and kept the whole world at a distance. His greatness consisted in his infinite capacity for taking pains. He never gave way or broke down. When his Armada was wrecked, his comment was: "I fought against men—not against the waves; and I will go on." He was not able to launch another fleet, but in some way or another he did go on, and only to Death himself did he surrender. His final disappearance was regretted as little as that of any King who ever sat on a throne.

Links with the Past.

Hoylake, to which the eyes of sportsmen have been turning, is one of those attractive seaside towns which suffer the rather heavy handicap of being also a suburb of a great city. Holiday makers from a distance will not often take seriously the claims of any resort from which each morning people may be seen setting out for the station—and work. The prejudice is in this case more than usually silly. Hoylake is probably the greatest golf-course in the world: a considerable authority, writing, not in a local, but a London paper a few days ago, put its claims above those of St. Andrews. And the little place has a reputation not only for its links, but as the home of Atlantic breezes—as many of the greatest in golf know very well. I once saw Taylor win the open championship here; he won because he defeated even the wind.

But Hoylake is a place where has been made other, if less notable, history than that achieved in the world of golf. Its curiously named roadway, "The King's Gap," marks the spot from which King William III. sailed for Ireland. It was a few miles away, in the estuary of the Dee, that Mary so ineffectually called the cattle home; from the neighbouring village of Parkgate, Cromwell set out upon his still unattempered Irish adventure; while within a couple of miles of Hoylake itself is Hilbre—that island that is an island only when the tide is in, and is referred to in the old rhyme which celebrates the forest that once covered the entire peninsula—

A squirrel can hop from tree to tree
From Birkenhead to Hilberee.

Some More Celebrations.

The early summer of a century ago is to be remembered for that heroic struggle of Greece which engaged the sympathies of other and less-exalted Englishmen than the author of "Childe Harold" only. The long and determined siege of Athens by the Turks brought about the fall of the city on May 17, 1827. A fortnight earlier had seen the appointment of that great Foreign Minister, George Canning, Prime Minister of England. Canning, whose life was then so near its close, made memorable his last days by joining on behalf of his country with France and Russia in a treaty "for the pacification of Greece, in which the three contracting parties engage to equip a fleet for the purpose of staying the further progress of hostilities and to erect Greece into a kingdom." That treaty was signed on July 6, and within scarcely more than a month our brilliant Prime Minister was dead. But the cause of Greece lived on; her freedom was secured; and, almost precisely two years later, Turkey, by the Treaty of Adrianople, agreed to "the erection of Greece into a kingdom."



MEMORIES OF THE OLD BANK OF ENGLAND PRESERVED BY A WOMAN ARTIST: MISS MAUDE PARKER'S WATER-COLOUR OF THE GARDEN COURT (CONDEMNED TO DEMOLITION) IN HER EXHIBITION AT THE BEAUX ARTS GALLERY.

paid. The Duke of Guise fell upon Calais and drove English power from France. The effect upon the Queen of England is familiar to all students of the comparative history of cardiac pathology—as well as to the infant in the elementary school.



"THE COURT ROOM, BANK OF ENGLAND," BY MISS MAUDE PARKER: A PICTORIAL RECORD OF A FAMOUS EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY CHAMBER DOOMED TO DISAPPEAR IN THE RECONSTRUCTION OF THE BANK.

Miss Maude Parker, whose exhibition of water-colours was recently opened at the Beaux Arts Gallery in Bruton Place, is an Associate of the Royal West of England Academy, and enjoys a considerable reputation in Bristol. She held a first London exhibition a year ago, but, owing to the General Strike, it did not get the notice it deserved. She is now showing, besides some fine landscapes, drawings of the interior of the Bank of England, which will be valuable as documents, as some of the subjects represented are already demolished or under threat of demolition. The Court Room is one of the finest eighteenth-century rooms in London, and the Garden Court has an old-world character that is passing away. Miss Parker has also done some charming water-colours of the Thames, one of which has been bought from the exhibition by the Queen.

Photographs by Courtesy of the Beaux Arts Gallery. (Artist's Copyright Reserved.)

HUSBANDS

Gilt-Edged and Otherwise



THE GOLFING HUSBAND

When Edward, with a Golfing Soul,
A shovel, and a knob of coal,
Replays his round at Pinner,
His wife looks valiantly serene,
Her Persian carpet is the green
He putts on after dinner.

The patient guests suppress a yawn,
He'll reach the eighteenth hole at dawn!

Meantime, there are ABDULLAS—
Through mists of Fragrant Happiness
His feeble grip and wild address
Appear in kindlier colours.

F. R. Holmes.

ABDULLA SUPERB CIGARETTES

TURKISH

EGYPTIAN

VIRGINIA

Fashions & Fancies

SUMMER TIME IS HERE AT LAST ON THE BAROMETER AS WELL AS THE CLOCK, AND COOL SPORTING FASHIONS NOW HOLD THEIR SWAY EVERYWHERE.

decorated with perfumed flowers or appliquéd fruits in a hundred lovely colour schemes. For the country and beach, there are gaily-coloured affairs of raffia and embroidered linen, and some have amusing little birds of silk and raffia-work perched jauntily on the ferrule. The tilting sunshade is a century-old idea born again, and is very effective carried out in small, rather flat, parasols which, by pressing a button, can be made to alter their angle according to the sun's rays.

Smart Versions of the Picture Hat.

On a really hot summer's day, the wide-brimmed picture hat is really the smartest. And it no longer looks incongruous with any but very elaborate toilettes, for it is perfectly simple in line and trimming. Only a few seasons ago, a trailing scarf or waving crest of ospreys was essential to a wide brim, but now a simple velvet ribbon or a single flower is all the adornment necessary. More attention is paid to the straw nowadays, which in consequence becomes finer and finer. Balli-buntal, crinoline, and Bakau (a much-valued straw, looking rather like Chinese hemp), these are the favourites, and bangkok is still much in evidence, although it has lost a little in actual prestige. The airman's helmet shape came as a smart bombshell, but for the majority it is too trying to wear to achieve lasting success. The vagabond brim, on the contrary, goes on merrily, and summerweight felts are nearly all with small but rather "floppy" brims. Felt flowers of the flat variety give them quite a summer-like air, and two exquisite new shades are rhododendron and convolvulus, the latter a delicate blending of pink and lilac.

Xantha for Summer Undies.

In the summer, one needs a host of light undies which wash easily, wear well, and look cool and pretty. The holiday season allows plenty of leisure for sewing, and the woman who is clever with her needle will find Xantha an invaluable ally. Xantha is a ladder-proof, artificial silk fabric, knitted with a self-stripe and mock hem-stitching. It is made of Courtaulds' artificial silk, a convincing proof that it will wash and wear splendidly, and will not lose its soft, silky appearance. It can be obtained from all the leading outfitters for 6s. 11d. a yard (48-49 in. wide), or made up in pretty camiknickers, chemises, princess petticoats—in fact, every possible garment. Should any difficulty be experienced, however, application

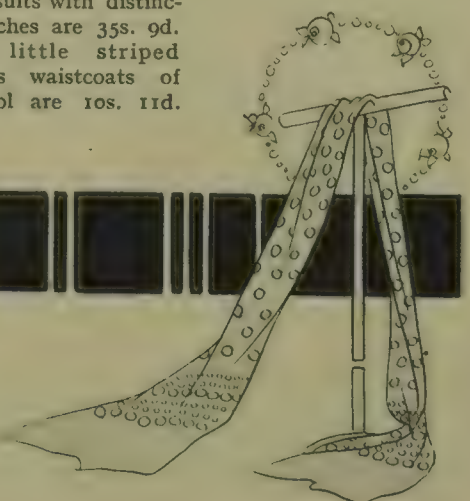


Two attractive tennis frocks which are eminently neat and practical, carried out in washing crêpe. They are from Robinson and Cleaver's, Regent Street, W.

should be made direct to Courtaulds, 18, Aldermanbury, E.C.

Tennis Frocks of Washing Silk.

Tennis is now in full swing, and there are many attractive and moderately priced frocks of washing silk to be found at Robinson and Cleaver's, Regent Street, W. Two are pictured above, each fashioned of washing crêpe—the one on the left, with an Eton collar and waistcoat effect, costing 69s. 6d.; and the other, with an adaptable collar and pleated skirt, costing 65s. 9d. Then there are hand-made linen frocks, enriched with drawn-thread work and openwork embroidery, available for 15s. 9d.; and dresses of linen, hand block-printed in delightful designs and colourings, are 35s. 9d. Long-sleeved printed voiles in lovely colourings range from 25s. 9d. upwards; and the older woman should make a point of noting that attractive dark-coloured printed voile dresses with long sleeves can be obtained for 84s., answering her needs perfectly. This firm have also a splendid collection of sports knitted suits in fine wool stockinette. A complete three-piece ensemble with jumper, skirt, and sleeveless cardigan edged with an effective striped border, can be secured for 49s. 11d., several lovely colours being available; and stockinette jumper suits with distinctive touches are 35s. 9d. Smart little striped sleeveless waistcoats of fine wool are 10s. 11d.



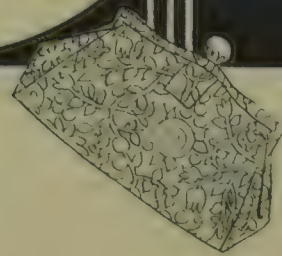
Delightfully cool and pretty is lingerie made of Xantha, that well-known artificial silk fabric which is knitted with a self-stripe and is ladderproof; lovely shades are available, and it is as soft and supple as silk.

Waistcoats and Bags with a Fellow Feeling.

Fashion allows her imagination full rein in the matter of accessories for the London season. The more obvious ones are bags, flowers, and sunshades, but the smartest are made distinctive by fitting in one with another. Our artist has sketched below one of the new waistcoats and bags which carry out the same idea. The bag is in lizard-skin and black patent leather, and the waistcoat in lizard-cloth, worn with a coat of satin. Then there are evening bags and scarves of brocade and lamé which are worn with little coatees of the same material, new rivals to the Spanish shawl. Some are made like sports blazers carried out in shimmering stripes of gold and silver, with neat revers and pockets to match the frock. Embroidered bags in beautiful point-de-Beauvais are very fashionable, and quite the latest little sac from Paris is made of flat wooden beads, forming gaily-coloured landscapes with quaint little figures and houses, a different scene on each side. Scarves are worn in a variety of ways, but so far only with the sports suit or with the really summery toilette, when it is usually of chiffon and lace.

"Tilting" Sunshades and Bird Parasols.

Each season the sunshades seem to get more and more fascinating, and this year is no exception to the rule. For Ascot and other fashionable functions, there are ethereal affairs in georgette, chiffon, and lace, tucked and quilted,





"‘I am judging,’ said Mr. Plumdamas; ‘that this reprieve wadna stand gude in the auld Scots law, when the kingdom was a kingdom.’

"‘I dinna ken muckle about the law,’ answered Mrs. Howden; ‘but I ken, when we had a king, and a chancellor, and parliament men o’ our ain, we could aye peeble them wi’ stanes when they werena gude bairns—But naeboddy’s nails can reach the length o’ Lunnon.’

"‘. . . ‘Ye may say that . . . ’ responded Plumdamas; ‘and then sic an host of idle English gaugers and excisemen as hae come down to vex and torment us, that an honest man canna fetch sae muckle as a bit anker o’ brandy frae Leith to the Lawnmarket, but he’s likely to be rubbit o’ the very gudes he’s bought and paid for . . . ’”

HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN, BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

An old grievance, Peter. That they clap a duty upon the good things of life has stirred many an honest man to protest. Yet the goodness of jovial, kindly Black & White, Peter, might have persuaded even you to pay that duty cheerfully. Peter Plumdamas was pure Scotch. So is Black & White.

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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

OPERA AND CONCERTS.

THE opera at Covent Garden is having a record success; the theatre has been full every night, and, if this continues, the London Opera Syndicate should be able to conclude this year's season without a serious loss. The musical public in this country grows year by year much more rapidly than the increase in the population, and, when one reflects that this occurs in face of a constantly accelerating increase in the number of other entertainments, it is very reassuring to musicians and music-lovers.

And now we learn that the Promenade Concerts are not to be abandoned after all. Mr. William Boosey, of Messrs. Chappell and Co., has apparently changed his mind, and has made an offer to the London Symphony Orchestra which that body has, I understand, accepted. There will be, therefore, the usual season of "Proms." at the Queen's Hall, which

will begin presumably some time in August, as in previous years. Sir Thomas Beecham has been asked to conduct, and he has expressed his readiness to conduct a certain number of concerts, but not nightly, as Sir Henry Wood used to do. Actually, the work is too heavy for one conductor, and it would be a great improvement to have it divided between two or three good men. It was always something of a miracle that Sir Henry Wood managed to endure right through the whole season, and it could only be done at a certain loss of freshness and sensitiveness.

Sir Henry Wood will now, it is reported, conduct orchestral concerts for the B.B.C. It is quite time that the B.B.C. had its own concert-hall and gave regular orchestral and chamber concerts all the year round. This policy will sooner or later be found to be the only possible one, and it will ensure to London regular orchestral concerts of a good average level of music and of execution. At the same time, it will in no way interfere with private enterprise; on the contrary, it should stimulate it, for, if the B.B.C. gives regular orchestral concerts all the year round at reasonably cheap prices, it will introduce to music a huge new public, some proportion of which will thirst for still higher things, and this will be the opportunity for such bodies as the London Symphony Orchestra.

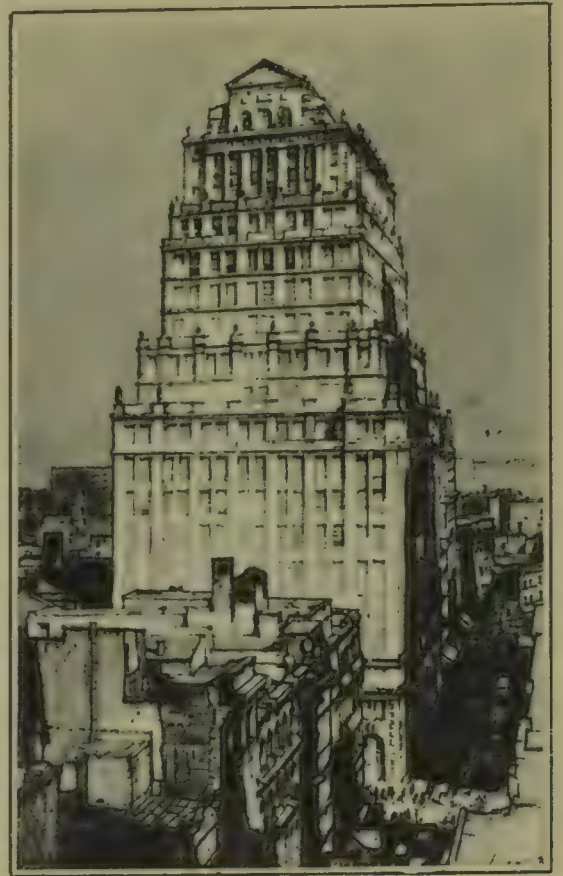
The London Symphony Orchestra needs only to find a few more thousands of ardent music-lovers in London, who will demand and appreciate really first-rate orchestral concerts, to be put upon its feet. And it can only obtain these thousands of connoisseurs by a process of development from the lower levels of more popular orchestral concerts on a large scale. For the latter the B.B.C. is the ideal organisation. Broadcasting has come to

(Continued overleaf.)



A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY RELIC THREATENED WITH DEMOLITION AS A PUBLIC DANGER: THE OLD MILL AT GODMANCHESTER, LEASED IN 1499 WITH A CLAUSE AGAINST THE LESSEE'S WIFE VISITING IT TO MEDDLE WITH THE WORKS!

The Old Mill at Godmanchester, Hunts, has long been in decay, and has lately become dangerous through the collapse of brickwork. The Town Council, which has already spent much upon it, has therefore decided to demolish it. A movement to preserve it, however, is being headed by Commander Locker-Lampson, formerly M.P. for the county. The earliest record of the old mill (which has not been worked since 1884) dates from 1499, when it was leased by one John Stokes. A curious clause in the lease stipulated that his wife should not visit the mill to interfere with the machinery!



BRITISH ENTERPRISE IN AMERICA: THE ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF LIVERPOOL AND LONDON'S NEW BUILDING IN NEW YORK.

This fine new building of the Royal Insurance Company of Liverpool and London is at the corner of Fulton and William Streets, New York, and was opened by the Chairman, Mr. W. R. Glazebrook, a few weeks ago. It forms the headquarters of the Royal and its affiliated companies in the United States, and houses also the representatives of several other British insurance undertakings. This noble and imposing structure, designed in the Adam style, and built in terraces according to the Zoning Laws, is the third successive building owned by the Royal during its seventy-six years' operations in the U.S.A., and indicates the great expansion of the company's American business. It stands in the heart of the insurance district.

LIDO VENICE

La Plage du Soleil et des Pyjamas

HERE comes a time each day when even the LIDO sun must set. A time when you may look from your Hotel window and see the golden lights of Venice wriggling deep into the purple of the great lagoon.

Would you spend a while upon the roof garden of the Excelsior Palace? Would you see how some great artist has planned a gala—a spectacle—for your delight? At "Chez Vous" by the way! Or maybe you must hurry away to don proud Roman garb—for this is Pompeian Night.

When the moon shines upon the LIDO it brings the promise of revelry, colourful and complete. For your golden hours upon the sun-kissed beach are but a part of your Italian holiday. The spirit of "La Nuit de Venise" is upon the water, and has stolen in to fill the great hotels with laughter.

And of the morrow? Will you be playing in the International Tennis Tournaments? Chatting over an *aperitif* in the cool and shady "Taverne"? Or will you just be resting and basking in the LIDO sun, upon that glorious golden beach?

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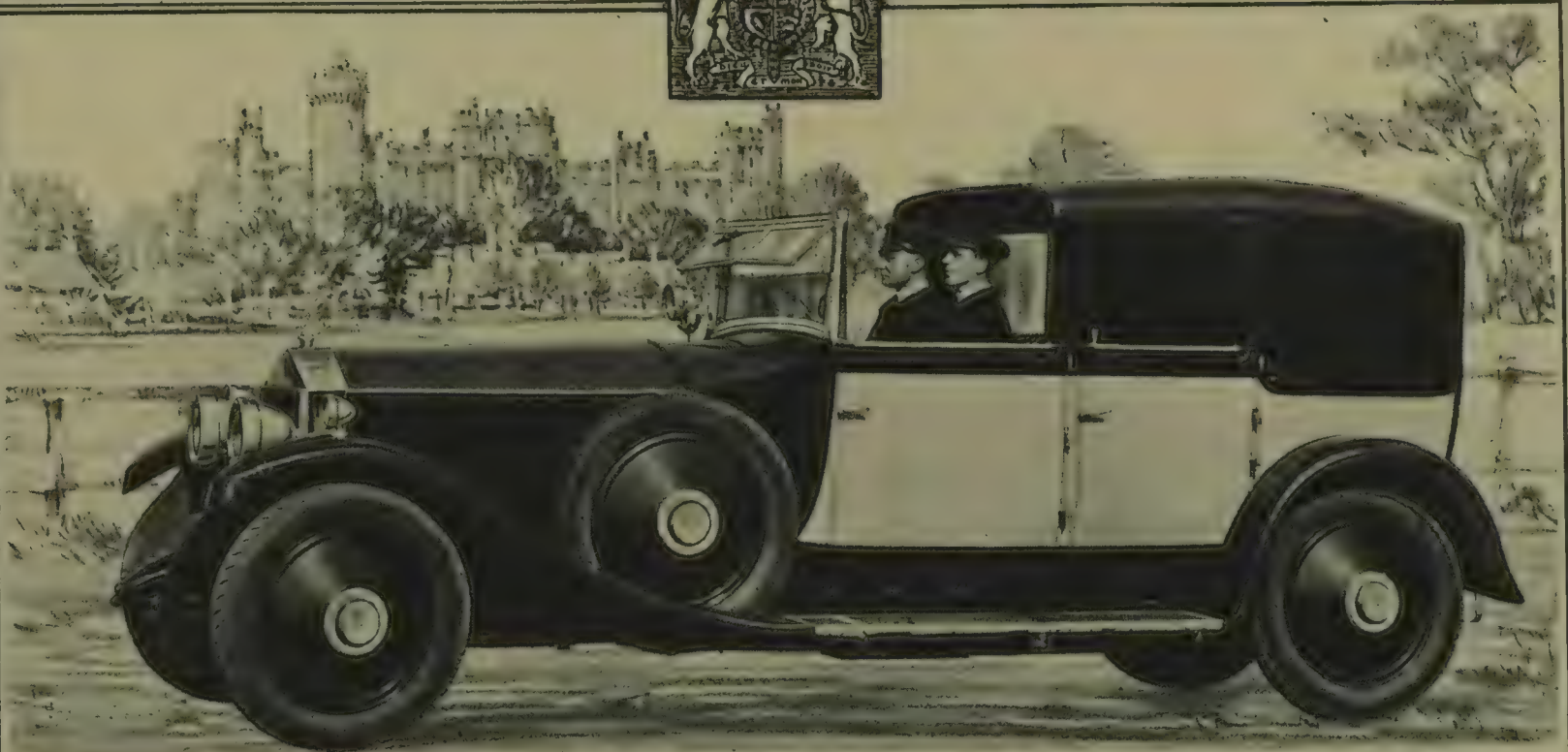
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Kennington Service.

(Continued.)

stay, and there will be a constant improvement in the mechanism of broadcasting and a gradual reduction in price of the best apparatus as it becomes more standardised.



THE CITY'S GIFT TO PRESIDENT DOUMERGUE: THE BEAUTIFUL GOLD CASKET CONTAINING THE ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

The oval body of the casket is decorated with four scenes chased in relief, which represent Guildhall, the Mansion House, St. Paul's, and the Tower. The Arms of the City appear in gold and enamel relief, whilst the Arms of France surmount the cover. Extended arms support models of ancient galleys overlooked by lion masks, symbolical of Great Britain, the Narrow Seas, and the Spirit of Entente Cordiale. The casket, which is of eighteen-carat gold, rests upon models of dolphins. It is an outstanding example of modern craftsmanship, and was designed and made by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Ltd., of 112, Regent Street, London, W.1.

Even Sir Thomas Beecham, I expect, will in time come to give his blessing to broadcasting. In the meantime, however, it can be admitted that, even if broadcasting has the same relation to music as newspapers have to literature, we have to hope that every year a certain proportion of newspaper readers are induced to read magazines and then books; and in the same way a certain proportion of "listeners-in" may be expected to continue their interest in music to the point of going to symphony concerts and the opera.

The tendency of the public taste to improve is shown by what would have seemed to the musical critics of fifty years ago quite incredible—namely, that the heavy, serious German opera has quite ousted the lighter, more frivolous French and Italian opera from the public's favour. The greatest operatic

draw in England to-day is Wagner's "Ring." It is nothing that people have to go at five or four-thirty in the afternoon, and sit for three or four solid hours listening to the most intricate and exhausting music.

They actually revel in it. And there is far more enthusiasm for the "Ring," for "Tristan und Isolde," for "Die Meistersinger," for "Parsifal" than there is for any of the Italian or French operas. As for the French operas, they have been almost completely driven off the stage. There was an attempt last season to revive at Covent Garden Massenet's "Thaïs," but it was an absolute frost, in spite of the fact that Maria Jeritzka, looking magnificently beautiful, was in the title-rôle. Thirty years ago Massenet was extraordinarily popular, but to-day his music seems too thin and trivial even for the man-in-the-street.

Naturally, there will be reactions. One cannot go on for ever hearing the same operas. But as we get so little opera in England, there is little likelihood of the "Ring," which is played once or twice a year, exhausting its public. We must also remember that every year brings thousands of new auditors, thousands of young people who are hearing these operas for the first time. In fact, it

is quite common in the foyer of Covent Garden to hear people confessing that it is the first occasion they have ever heard "Rheingold" or "Götterdämmerung," and they are not always young people.

One hears, however, that the touring operatic companies experience extraordinary vicissitudes in the popularity of operas. The B.N.O.C., I am told, frequently finds that a particular opera will draw crowded houses, say, at Birmingham, and only half fill the house at, say, Liverpool or Manchester, and vice versa. Then next season the opera which filled the house at Birmingham will only half fill it there, and some other opera will be the favourite, and similarly in other places. These

vagaries of fashion are likely to be more marked, I should imagine, when the population is small. For a certain number of seasons everybody will want to hear "Parsifal"; then, when everyone has heard "Parsifal" several times, there will be a reaction in favour of "Meistersinger," and so on. There is also that other change of fashion which depends upon a change in temper and in general outlook. The clever impresario becomes quickly aware of these changes; he keeps his finger on the pulse of the public, and makes his plans accordingly. But it is an extremely difficult business, and there is not one theatre or opera manager in a thousand who can do it, and those who can generally lose touch sooner or later.

(Continued overleaf.)



A NEW "HIS MASTER'S VOICE" MOBILE RECORDING THEATRE ON WHEELS: A TRAVELLING GRAMOPHONE STUDIO WITH A GLIMPSE OF THE INTERIOR MECHANISM.

The latest development in gramophone recording, and the first of its kind, is a remarkable Mobile Recording Outfit by "His Master's Voice." It consists of a completely equipped recording theatre on wheels, which can be moved quickly to any part of the country. Two recording machines with electrical plant are carried, enabling two records to be made simultaneously. The van is linked up with telephones, loud-speakers, and microphones in the hall where the performance is taking place, and the first test record is actually made on the spot and played back to the artists in the building. This innovation has been used for recording organ music at York Minster, Liverpool Cathedral, at Eton College, and at Oxford and Cambridge Universities. The King and Queen, during their recent visit to Hayes, were greatly interested in this remarkable contrivance.



*"But here's to the man who is pleased with his lot,
Who never sits sighing for what he has not . . .*

*From Squire Bantam's
song, in "Dorothy."*

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(Continued.)

The success of "Cosi fan Tutte" at the Kingsway and then at the Court Theatre is one of the most gratifying incidents in the musical world lately, for this production was entirely the work of English artists, and it showed that there is a great deal of talent latent in this country. It ought to be possible to establish a permanent small comic-opera house in London, where all Mozart's operas could be given in English annually—as well as the best of the German and French light operas. But the chief difficulty here is that of finding a site which does not mean an enormous capital expenditure or a very high rental. That is why there is more chance of having a new movement in opera and in drama started in the provinces than in London. And, indeed, we owed the "Cosi fan Tutte" production to the Bristol Opera Festival, which first produced it at the beautiful old eighteenth-century theatre there which was opened by David Garrick.

Since I last wrote, the first cycle of the "Ring" has been concluded at Covent Garden, and we have had the first performance of "Parsifal." The most notable of the "Ring" performances was that of "Die Götterdämmerung," in which Frida Leider was a magnificent Brunnhilde. Her singing was always delightful, and in the great moments she was most moving. She was well supported by a fine Siegfried in Mr. Rudolf Laubenthal, who is the most satisfactory German tenor we have heard in this country for a very long time. A new Fricka, Mme. Sigrid Onegin, proved to have a magnificent voice which she used with great art; and, as she has a fine presence, her scene with Wotan in the second act of "Die Walküre" was one of the finest things in the cycle. Friedrich Schorr's Wotan was good, if not particularly compelling; and Mme. Maria Olczewska was a fine Erda, and an equally fine Fricka in "Rheingold." All the minor parts were well filled. Mr. Lauritz Melchior was better as Siegmund than as Siegfried, and a word must be said for the exquisite performance of Sieglinde by that superb artist, Mme. Lotte Lehmann.

The performance of "Parsifal" was a good one. Mr. Herbert Janssen sang with unusually clear diction and good tone as Amfortas. Mr. Richard Mayr's Gurnemanz is a little too richly and ecclesiastically unctuous for my taste, but Gurnemanz is a tedious character. Mr. Melchior was an adequate if rather too full-bodied Parsifal, and Mme. Ljungberg's Kundry was well conceived. W. J. TURNER.

THE BOOKSELLER'S WINDOW.

PORTRAIT OF CLARE. By FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG. (Heinemann; 15s.)

Clare is not a heroine. She is a woman—a charming woman—with certain feminine weaknesses ever so slightly magnified, the better for us to see them. She does not, one notices, meet her difficulties with a frontal attack: and it happens too often to be sheer luck that other people are left in the air, Clare having retired strategically from a painful situation. From the distant view of early middle age, she decides that she had never loved the husband of her teens. It may be so, but Frances Brett Young has, nevertheless, given us a vision of their courtship and mating which is fresh and fragrant with ardent youth. Her greatest passion is undoubtedly maternal, which makes it all the more curious that she should have married her second husband without considering or perceiving how uncongenial he and his family would be to Steven, her schoolboy son. Clare, one suspects, is not intuitively a good judge of character. The deficiency is possibly due to idealism, or still more possibly due to a lack of spontaneous sympathy. There is a little hard, elfish core in the charming Clare, but it is so skilfully concealed that it is not easy to know if Mr. Brett Young himself has taken it into consideration. "Portrait of Clare" is a wonderful book—twice the length of the ordinary novel, and every page and line a mirror held up to human nature.

THE OLD COUNTESS. By ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK. (Constable; 7s. 6d.)

The poignancy of Anne Douglas Sedgwick's writing is strong in "The Old Countess." It is not, in spite of the sunshine of the Dordogne—"background of golden river and golden sky"—a book of bright hues; the menace of wind and flood, the harshness of French peasant life, and the febrile decadence of the old woman hold the story too fixedly for that. Its beauty is, in fact, often sinister, and finally mournful. But beauty of character, as contrasted with deformity of character, comes through with an effort of piercing reality. The old Countess is dangerous to her associates, for all her battered feebleness. The two young women, Marthe Ludérac

and Jill Graham, are poised in an equal if an unlike nobility of spirit. Richard Graham, the painter, the man who was the centre of suffering for these three, is drawn with faultless feeling. You may say that these spiritual encounters, which progressively exhibit the saint in Marthe and the loyal comrade in Jill, are almost unbearably intimate. But they heighten the distinction of "The Old Countess," which is a superb example of the novelist's art.

THE ALLINGHAMS. By MAY SINCLAIR. (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.)

"The Allinghams" is a peep into the domestic jungle. May Sinclair is unrivalled in her portraiture of uncomfortable family groups with a skeleton grinning out of the cupboard behind them. How innocently the story opens! Father slender and handsome, mother sweet and placid, the children with their share of good looks. Yet Aunt Martha already intervenes, and Margaret's rosebud mouth has "a little downward turn, perverse and morbid." The truth is, Miss Sinclair's method becomes more and more pathological. The Allinghams are a fine illustration of the endless varieties of the nervous instability that can be genius as well as less reputable things. They are played with by their creator as a cat plays with a mouse. Miss Sinclair knows exactly which way they will run. Her game is graceful, light in action, and cruel. Some people will find it intensely interesting (as it is); but there will be some who will turn shuddering away.

Many influential ladies, including Mrs. Stanley Baldwin, wife of the Prime Minister, are interesting themselves keenly in Westminster Hospital Week, beginning Monday, May 30. Princess Arthur of Connaught is to open the Bazaar and White Elephant Sale at the hospital on May 31, and Katherine Duchess of Westminster will open it the following day. Her Majesty the Queen has sent articles for the nurses' stalls. The sale is being organised by the matron, aided by Lady Purves-Stewart, Lady Keppel, and Mrs. Wilson-Potter. The nurses are most enthusiastic helpers, and the wives of the physicians and surgeons, as well as many members of the Ladies' Association, are also giving valuable assistance, which promises much-needed help for this great hospital.



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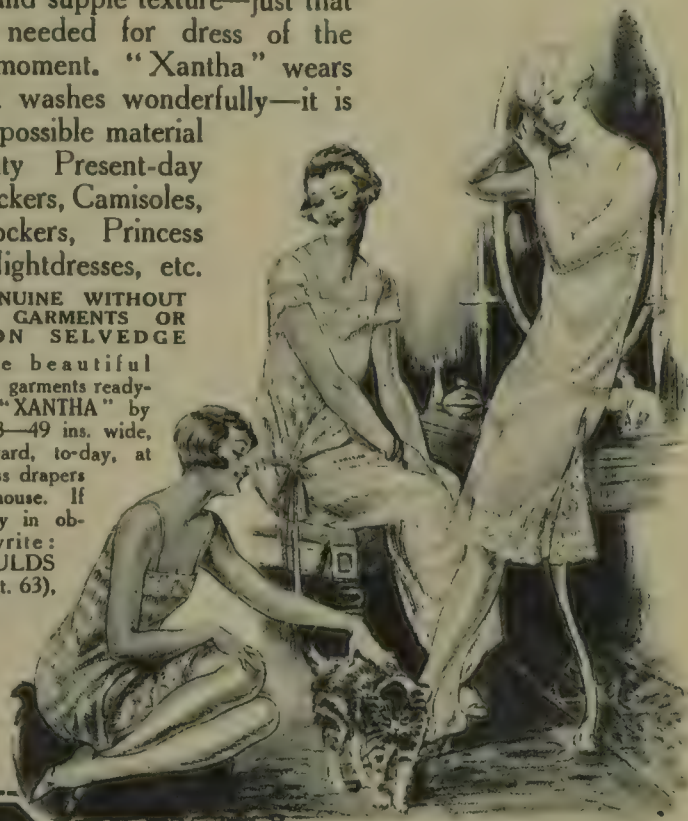
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"ASLEEP," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

MR. CYRIL CAMPION has a story to tell in "Asleep," but it is a story in which the leading characters do incredible things. Men so obtuse in the ordinary details of life as Gerrard Smith do not make great financiers; even a woman who dopes would not, the moment she arrives from her honeymoon, turn out of doors her husband's adopted sister—an inoffensive, charming girl—in the vulgar style Dolores adopts. Dolores had been a dancer, and the marriage had been hasty. Though she is a dope fiend, her former dancing partner turns out to be a chivalrous gentleman: offered favours on condition that he finds her cocaine, he rejects the bargain. Gerrard, you see, had cause for worry; but was his worry any reason why he should embezzle a big sum of money and leave it where his wife could reach it and carry it off? Naturally, such a man "did time." In the prologue you see him at the end of his term of imprisonment sitting on a bench in the Park "down and out"; he dreams the story which is the play; he wakes up to find his sweet adopted sister offering him heart, hand, and little fortune, and a policeman addresses him as "Sir." Mr. Campion cannot depict live men and women—as yet—but he has a sense of the theatre and may go further. Miss Barbara Hoffe plays his bad heroine; and there is some good acting at the Duke of York's from Mr. Leslie Banks and Miss Muriel Randall; to be sincere in such surroundings as theirs is none too easy.

MR. COCHRAN'S NEW PAVILION REVUE

Modernity is always the note of Mr. Cochran's revues, and in striving after novelty and originality he consistently contrives to be entertaining and sometimes achieves the beautiful. Some of the groupings and colour-schemes of his latest show at the Pavilion, "One Dam Thing After Another," are admirable in their taste and effectiveness, and in such skits as "Gigolo" and "A One-Sided Affair"—the latter showing what a play might look like to a spectator who can only see the centre of the stage—there is real first-class fun. Two rival stars shine in Mr. Cochran's firmament—Miss Jessie Matthews and Miss Mimi Crawford—and it is difficult to say which is the more dazzling. Mr. Sonnie Hale and Mr. Morris Harvey are also in the company, the former with plenty of good things to do; and there are some excellent dancing turns.

CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

S B INNISS (Bridgeton, Barbados).—Your solution of No. 4000 is quite right, and is duly acknowledged in its regular place.

C E DUNTON (Mill Hill).—In No. 3998 after your proposed 1. Q to Q 6th (ch), K to Kt 2nd; 2. Kt to Q 6th (ch), K to R sq; 3. Q to Q 8th (ch), surely B to Kt sq saves mate. Again in No. 4000, after 1. B takes R (ch), Kt takes B; 2. R to K 6th (ch), Kt to K 4th suffices. In the same problem the mate after 1. B to R sq, Q to K B 5th is given by 2. Q takes B.

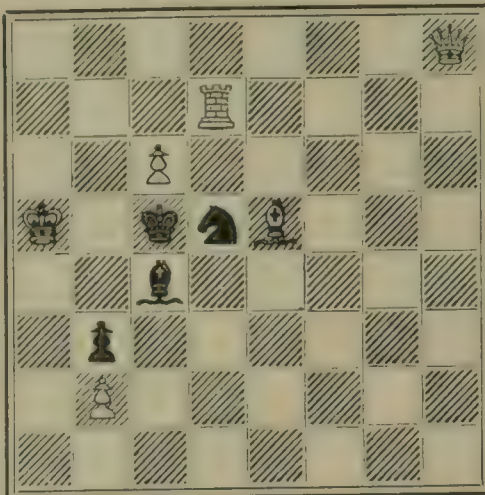
H C L B (Gold Coast).—You will have seen by this time that there was an error in the printed diagram of No. 3998. In its correct form, it was a very fine composition. We are glad to know the games interest you no less than the problems.

R H KERRISH (St. Louis, Mo.).—Your suggested solution of No. 4000 results from an imperfect analysis of the position. It is defeated thus: 1. R to K 6th (ch), Kt takes R; 2. B takes R (ch), P to B 4th. The problem, however, is as full of guile as the Heathen Chinee, as our correspondence has clearly proved.

R B COOK (Portland, Maine).—Perhaps if you considered No. 4000 more carefully, you might find not only the correct solution, but a less sweeping condemnation of its "duals."

S T ADAMS (Honolulu).—Your solution of No. 3990 is to hand; but of course, we cannot give you credit for one due so far back. That No. 3998 was wrongly printed must be a fact by this time within your knowledge.

PROBLEM No. 4003.—By PHILIP MARTIN.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in two moves.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3998 received from J E Houseman (Chicoutimi), and J B Inniss (Bridgeton, Barbados); of No. 3999 from J E Houseman (Chicoutimi); of No. 4000 from Elmer B Hallman (Spartanburg); of No. 4001 from C E Dunton (Mill Hill), James Burtenshaw (St. Fillans), J M K Lupton (Richmond), W P Harrison (Lerwick), J Barry Brown (Naas), E Pinkney (Driffield), H Burgess (St. Leonard's-on-Sea), and J C Kruse (Ravenscourt Park); and of No. 4002 from C E Dunton (Mill Hill), J P S (Cricklewood), E G B Barlow (Bournemouth), L W Cafferata

(Farndon), C H Watson (Masham), S Caldwell (Hove), H Burgess (St. Leonard's-on-Sea), J C Kruse (Ravenscourt Park), C B S (Canterbury), F J Fallwell (Caterham), J Barry Brown (Naas), J Hunter (Leicester), H W Satow (Bangor), P Cooper (Clapham), and G Stillington Johnson (Cobham).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4001.—By T. G. COLLINGS.

WHITE
1. B to K 5th
2. B to Kt 2nd
3. B takes B mate.

BLACK
B takes Q
P takes Kt

If 1. — P takes B, 2. Q to R 3rd, and mates next move.

Although this problem presented little difficulty to many of our solvers, we were surprised to find the number that got on the wrong track altogether in their search for a solution. For a first publication, the composer may be fairly complimented on his success.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in the International Masters' Invitation Tournament at New York, between Messrs. NEIMZOVITCH and CAPABLANCA.

(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE (Mr. N.)	BLACK (Mr. C.)	WHITE (Mr. N.)	BLACK (Mr. C.)
1. P to Q B 4th	Kt to K B 3rd	20.	Q to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	P to K 3rd	21.	P to K Kt 3rd Q to Q 4th
3. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	22.	P to Q Kt 4th B to B sq
4. P to K 3rd	B to K 2nd	23.	B to Kt 2nd Q to R 7th
5. Q Kt to Q 2nd	Castles		
6. B to Q 3rd	P to B 4th		
7. Q P takes P			

This capture is condemned, more, perhaps, because it assists Black to a favourable development of his Q Kt than from actual weakness in itself.

7. Kt to R 3rd
8. Castles
9. B to K 2nd
10. P takes P
11. Kt to Kt 3rd
12. Kt takes Kt
13. Q to R 4th

White seeks to simplify the game by exchanging pieces; but the policy of taking his Queen so far afield is a doubtful one.

13. Q to B 3rd
14. B to R 6th
15. Q takes B
16. Q to K 2nd
17. P to Q R 3rd
18. Kt to K sq
19. R takes Kt
20. R to Kt sq

His choice is extremely limited, and the immobility of his Bishop more than irksome. His only alternative seems P to K 4th, which, however, is probably sounder play.

Affording by its effectiveness a strong contrast with White's manipulation of his Queen, a feature that characterises the game throughout.

24. R to R sq
25. B to Q 4th
26. Q to R 6th

White's only chance for his last move was Q to Q sq. Black now takes charge of the play in his own inimitable style.

27. B takes K P
28. Q to K 7th

If R to K B sq, Q takes K P wins; and if, Q to K B sq, Q to Q 4th, followed by 29. — Q to B 6th. Defeat is now inevitable.

White resigns.

The Kent County Chess Association held its Easter Congress this year at Tunbridge Wells, when a very full programme was enjoyably and successfully gone through. The chief interest lay in the Premier Tournament, an invitation entry to which four Continental and four British competitors were nominated. One of the foreign masters, however, fell out, and his place was taken by Mr. M. E. Goldstein, a worthy representative of the younger generation of London players. At the finish Sir G. Thomas and Mr. F. D. Yates tied with unbeaten scores for first place, while Mr. V. Buerger, another British representative, was third—a result more creditable to our national reputation than has appeared in similar tournaments for a long time past.

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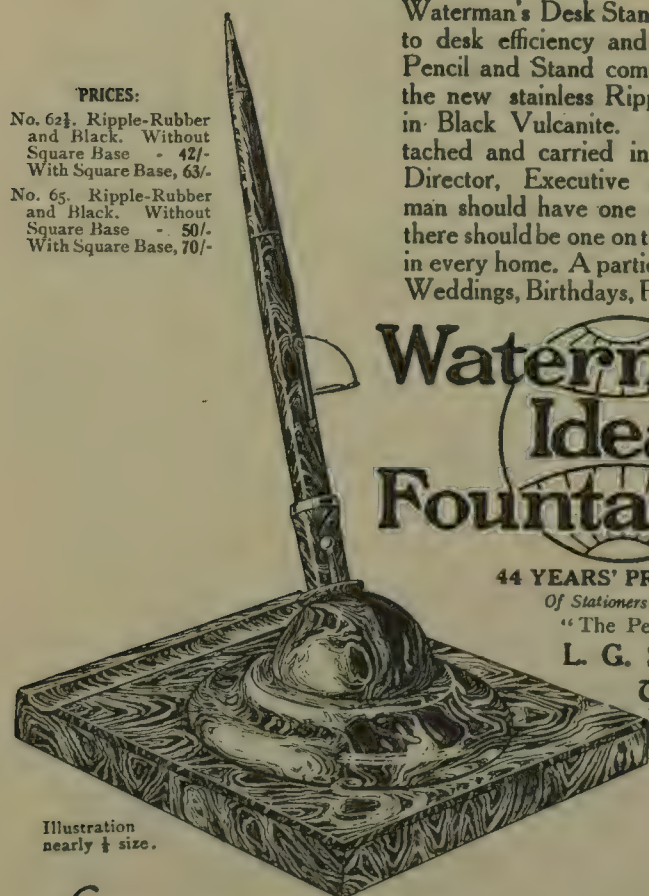


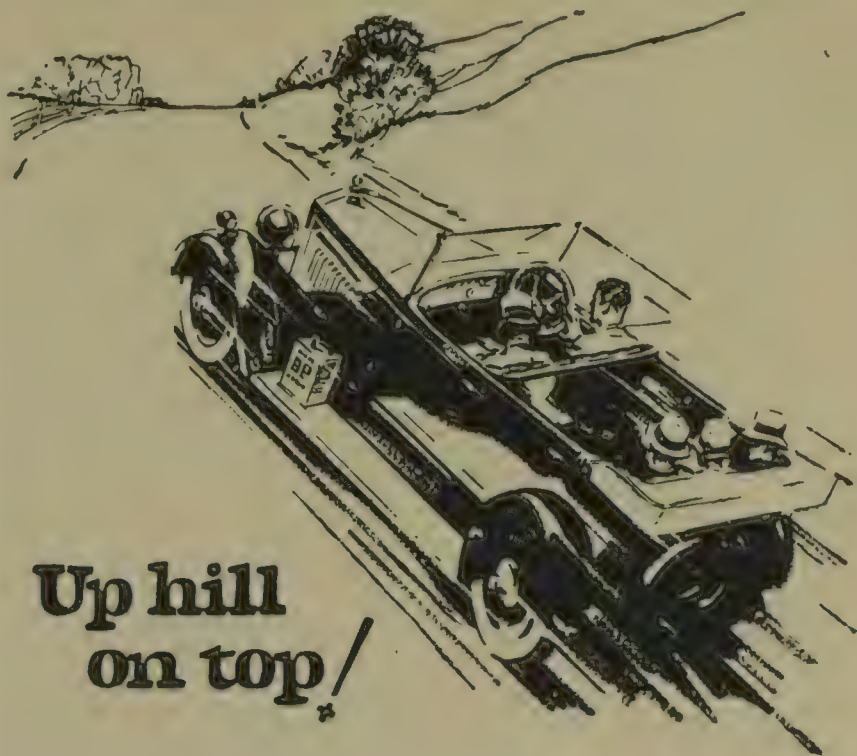
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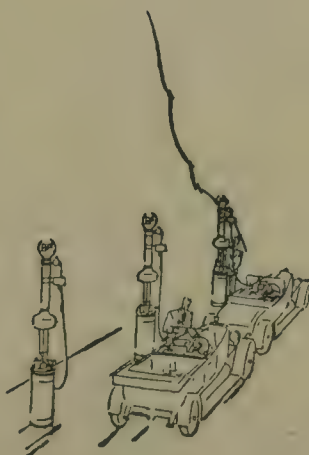
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By JOHN PRIOLEAU.

THE NEW CITROËN.

IN more than one way the new 12-24-h.p. Citroën (which, incidentally, is an entirely new model) is a particularly interesting product. In the first place, it is assembled in England, which presumably means that British labour is employed, at all events to a certain extent. As the various components are imported from the parent French factory, the Citroën still remains a French car, but its purchase in this country seems to carry with it the assurance that at least part of the money goes into British pockets.

Another interesting point is its price. There is naturally no question but that the Citroën has always been designed on, to put it very loosely, "mass production" lines, and has been a thoroughly price-cutting job. The new model at £195 for the four-seater came as a genuine surprise. I will describe it in detail later on, but for the moment I think that its general equipment and performance certainly take rank as one of the three reasons

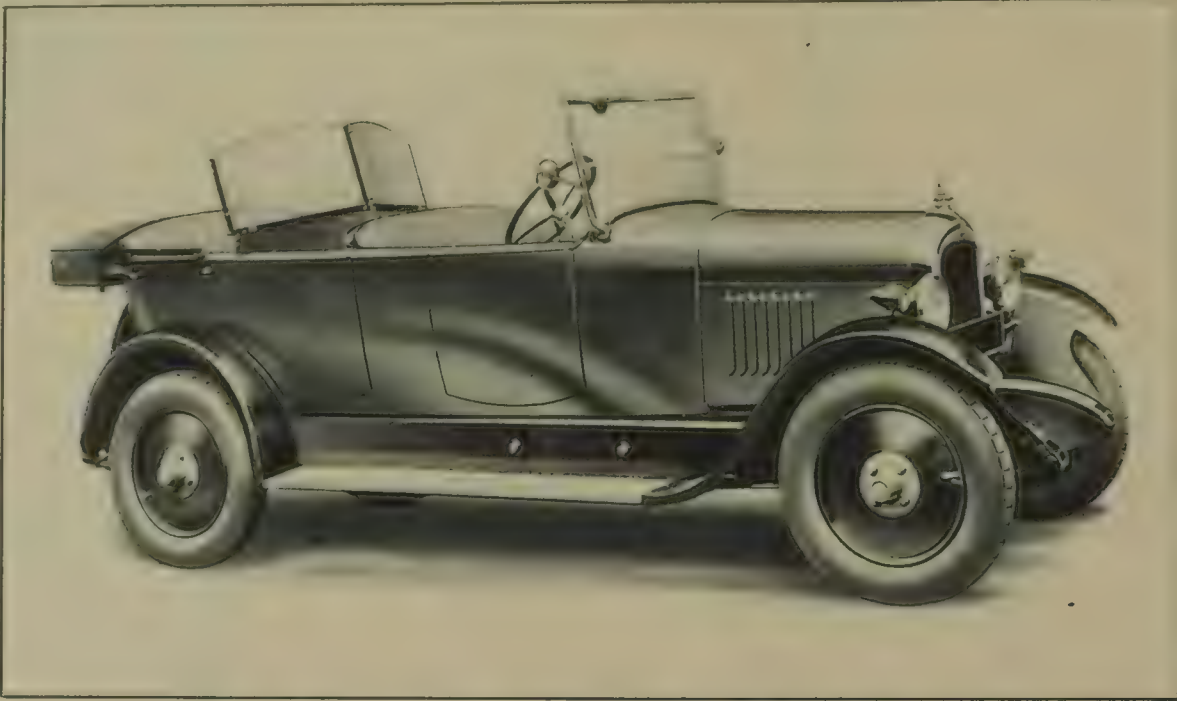
why it should be regarded as a particularly interesting car. Thirdly, it interested me because it bears practically no resemblance to any Citroën of which I have had any experience. It is an entirely different sort of machine.

The main details of the chassis are as follows: The four-cylinder engine has a bore and stroke of 70 by 100, giving a cubic content of 15.38, an R.A.C. rating of 12.2, a tax of £13, and a stated horse-power of 24. With the exception of the magneto, which is

placed in a somewhat awkward position, things are easy to get at. The dynamo occupies a rather unusual position at the top of the cylinder head, forward, where it is driven, together with the fan, by a motor-bicycle type of belt off the end of the cam-shaft. The power is taken through a single dry-plate clutch to the unit-constructed three-speed gear-box, and thence to the rear axle, by open propeller shaft, with flexible joints.

The springs are semi-elliptic fore and aft. The four-wheel brake set is unusual for a car of this type and price, in that it is operated on the servo principle. Generous-sized tyres are fitted of 730-by-130 dimensions, on disc wheels. The wheel-base is 9 ft. 5 in., the clearance 8 in., and the track just over 4 ft.

(Continued on Page c.)



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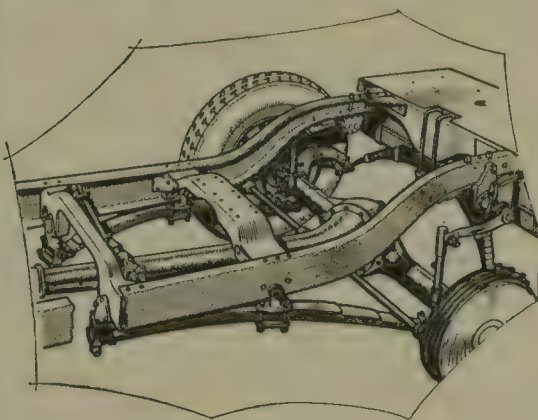
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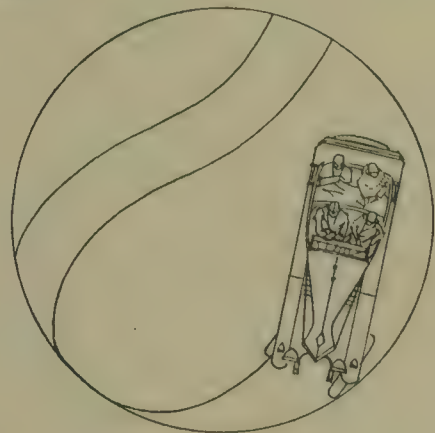
THREE-WAY SUSPENSION

Two splayed Cantilever springs crossed by a Semi Elliptic: Here for the first time is announced the simple formula, solving difficulties with which motor engineers have wrestled unsuccessfully for 20 years. High powered cars create their own problems in suspension. In reacting to the main vertical stresses, spring action sets up horizontal oscillations which in the aggregate contribute enormously to the fatigues of a



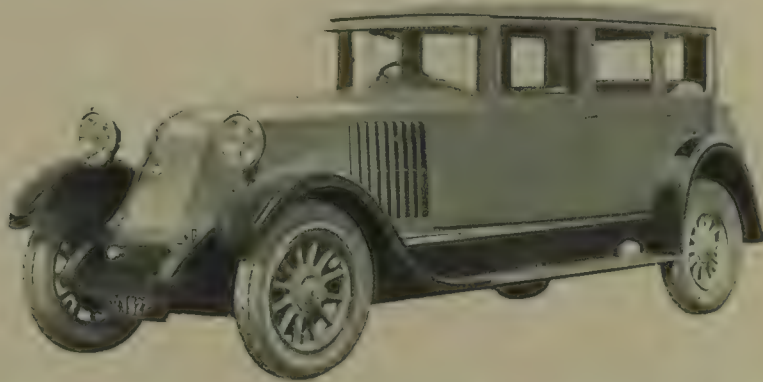
long journey. Like all real discoveries, three-way suspension is extraordinarily simple. It provides an automatically balanced resistance to all horizontal stresses, sustaining the car in perfect equilibrium.

Steering Lock: The front wheels describe an arc of 100 degrees, allowing the 45 to turn in little more than its own length, exploding for ever the commonly held idea that powerful cars must of necessity be unmanageable.



Renault Servo 4-wheel brakes and the Oil Radiator are other features of the 45, confirming the supremacy of the smoothest, most lightly controlled sixes ever produced.

The Renault 45 and 26 with many types of coachwork, can now be seen at our Showrooms, or we will gladly send one of these cars, with a chauffeur, to your home for the purpose of a trial run. Please Phone Regent 0974.



RENAULT

RENAULT LIMITED,

Head Office and Works,
20, SEAGRAVE ROAD, WEST BROMPTON, S.W.6.
Showrooms: 21, Pall Mall, S.W.1.

45

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

A White and Silver Wedding.

Mary Ashley, for, instead of having, nothing but white flowers in the church, Lady Curzon had chosen to mingle masses of glorious crimson roses with the white lilies and lilac. The air was heavy with their scent. The bridesmaids' bouquets were of red roses, and their wreaths were rosy-red. Such secrecy had been observed about the wedding dress and the bridesmaids' frocks that all the guests were curious to see them. The charm lay in their extreme and elegant simplicity, and the surprise in the unexpected magnificence of the bride's wonderfully embroidered train. This was immensely admired by those who saw it in the church, and by those outside, for, as the bride walked from the wide west doors to her car, one of the bridesmaids carried the train extended at full length, while the wedding veil swept the ground. The spectators were delighted, for most brides are careful to drape their train over their arm or give it to the bridegroom to keep out of harm's way.

America was very well represented at the wedding, with the American Ambassador and his wife to begin with, the American Duchess of Roxburghe, the Duchess of Marlborough (another American), and many other American members of the Peerage. It was a brilliant and rather imposing assemblage, but there were enough débutantes and very young matrons to hold up the standard of youth.

Bridesmaid and Débutante.

The youthfulness of the bride was emphasised by the extremely youthful appearance of Miss Marcella Duggan's pretty bridesmaids, her six nearest friends. Two of them were the cousins Lady Catherine Willoughby, elder daughter of Lord and Lady Ancaster, and Lady Muriel Willoughby's only daughter, Rosalie, who inherits her charming name from her maternal grandmother, Lady Buchan. Miss Willoughby, who is to be presented this season, is a very expert dancer. She is nineteen, just a few months older than her other cousin, Lady Priscilla Willoughby, who is also a débutante.

ENGAGED TO MR. IAN BOWATER:
THE HON. URSULA DAWSON.

The Hon. Ursula Dawson is the daughter of the King's Physician, Lord Dawson of Penn. Mr. Ian Bowater is the son of Major and Mrs. Frank Bowater, of 35, Chester Square.

Queen's Hall will be filled with what is perhaps the most important of all the women's gatherings in the English year, for at least three thousand delegates from the Women's Institutes of England and Wales are coming to London to hold their annual conference. Visitors connected with the Institutes will fill every spare seat, and there will be no room for outsiders, deeply interested though they would be in this wonderful assembly. Started in 1915, with the various objects of adding to the enjoyableness of village life, encouraging friendliness between all the women residents, and helping them to make the most of their resources, to cultivate little plots of land, market their vegetables, preserve their fruit, and learn handicrafts that would save their money or add to it, the Women's Institute

movement quickly became amazingly popular. To-day there are nearly four thousand villages with Institutes of their own, and the membership will presently reach a quarter of a million.

The movement has added enormously to the happi-

ness of village life, and as it has developed the women have continually raised their standard. The first crude efforts at handicrafts have given place to admirable artistic work. The speakers have studied the technique of public speaking; the amateur actresses are eager to improve. The women take a keen interest in music. They have widened their interests; and while they devote careful attention to the welfare of their own villages, they want to hear about the outside world. And they very earnestly strive to keep the movement clear from party politics.

Lady Denman.

The Conference is usually fortunate in having the finest chairman in England—man or woman—to direct its discussions. Lady Denman, who has inherited the great ability of her parents, the late Lord Cowdray and his brilliant wife, never makes a mistake in procedure. As President of the Federation, she has a detailed knowledge of the Institutes and their individual problems, and instantly understands the significance of the questions put from the floor. She has a strong sense of humour, and an unflagging patience. It is a bitter disappointment to the delegates that, owing to the so recent death of her father, she will be unable to preside over them this year. Her place will be taken by Miss Grace Hadow, who has been her right hand at many conferences, and will be the most effective substitute it would be possible to find. Miss Hadow takes a very great interest in the movement, especially in its cultural side, and she has had much help for it from her brother, Sir William Hadow.

"The Everlasting Flower."

explains in a preface that she had put together stray notes she had made at various times, so that her children, when they grew up, should have some lasting knowledge of their youthful days. "Days when humanity was passing through its great agony of the World War." In the first section of her book, she reprints poems that had impressed her, and

Lady Cromer, who has just published a little book of sketches under the title of "Lamuriac," which means the passion flower,

Lord Haig's terrible "backs to the wall" Order of the Day; things of which her little girls could have had no knowledge. But her nature-notes, her records of lovely country days, and of London air-raided nights, will recall something to their minds.

Lady Cromer was one of the Ladies of Grace who took part in the pilgrimage of the Order of St. John to Palestine last year, and she gives brief notes of the visit to the Holy Land. Most interesting are her impressions of a visit to Kenya, where she spent some time with friends on a farm. The country fascinated her, even though she had to camp for some hours one evening in a lonely place where the car had broken down, and depend on the blazing fire to keep at a safe distance the lion whose growls could be plainly heard. Still more disquieting must have been the presence of a lioness within fifty yards of a more sheltered spot, where she and her friend were accustomed to sit and read. But neither

lions nor tragedy seem able to destroy Lady Cromer's intense delight in the beauties of Nature. One would say that she is more interested in natural beauty



ENGAGED TO MR. EDWARD MINOPRIO:
MISS MILLICENT HOPE HAWKINS.

Miss Millicent Hope Hawkins is the only daughter of Sir Anthony and Lady Hawkins. Sir Anthony is the well-known novelist, Anthony Hope. Mr. Edward Minoprio is the second son of Mr. Frank C. Minoprio, of Avening Court, Gloucestershire, and Abersoch, Carnarvonshire.

nineteen this year, and Lady Violet, who is three years younger. The only boy, Viscount Errington, was born in 1918.

Remembrance. Lord and Lady Lee of Fareham, who have recently settled at White Lodge, in Richmond Park, the use of which was granted them by the King when the Duke and Duchess of York decided to move into town, gave a house-warming there last week. Instead of making this a distinguished social affair, they had the much more delightful idea of entertaining three hundred disabled ex-Service men, through the Not Forgotten Association. It was an ideal outing for the men brought there from their hospitals, and the kindly thought must have been greatly appreciated by the King and Queen.

Lady Liverpool.

Princess Mary Viscountess Lascelles, when at Lincoln on Saturday for the rally and demonstration of the Lincolnshire Girl Guides, paid a visit to Hartsholme, the residence of the Earl and Countess of Liverpool, near Lincoln. Lady Liverpool is as popular in her own county as she was in New Zealand during the years when her husband was Governor-General of the Dominion. That was during the war, and they both took a special interest in the fitting up of hospital ships for the New Zealand soldiers. They continue to be interested in the visitors from that far-off land who come to England.



THE WIFE OF THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN, AND AUTHOR OF "LAMURIAC":
THE COUNTESS OF CROMER.



AN IMPORTANT SOCIAL EVENT OF THE LONDON SEASON: THE WEDDING OF MISS MARCELLA DUGGAN TO MR. EDWARD RICE.

(Standing) Mr. Patrick Rice and Mr. Edward Rice. (From left to right) Miss Cynthia Burns, the Hon. Betty Grosvenor, the Bride, Miss Rosalie Willoughby, the Hon. Esme Glyn, Lady Catherine Willoughby, Lady Diana Bridgeman. (Seated in front) Master John Godley, the Hon. Michael Cecil, Master Nicholas Mosley, Master Simon Warrender.



Graceful strength—ancient and modern.

One day —



The photograph on the preceding page shows the Buick Majestic Tourer passing under the Castle Arch at Guildford, while above is shown the Country Club Roadster on the Sussex Downs, with the "Long Man of Wilmington" in the background.

Both these cars are provided with side curtain equipment (erected or lowered in the space of a few seconds), giving visibility and protection to an extraordinary degree.



E, in 1927, crowd into a day happenings that in 1897 could hardly have been forced into a week.

All this speeding-up of activities, this increasing fulness of life, has been made possible only by the strides of science in developing our means of bridging distances—the telephone and wireless for our messages—the motor-car and the aeroplane for ourselves. But of all factors contributing to our mastery over time, surely the modern motor-car has most nearly reached perfection. And the more you know of cars in general, the greater will be your appreciation of Buick.

In your Buick what can you not crowd into a day—a good day's work, then off to the links, supper and dance at a riverside club, a soothing ride home, and so to bed. England to the Buick owner is only one day wide. The sea-shore is within reach, the secluded, fragrant countryside within call every week-end.

To-day there is so much to do, so much to think about, that physical and mental vitality must be conserved. That is why Buick is eminently the car of all cars for this modern life. Driving and riding in your Buick, you are entirely divorced from fatigue. Buick is easy to drive, responding to your touch on steering-wheel,



The Dominion Saloon in this picture of a Somerset lane, was photographed just after completing a non-stop run from London to Selworthy, one of the most charming villages in the West Country. The five happy occupants were delighted with the luxurious comfort experienced on this five-hour journey.

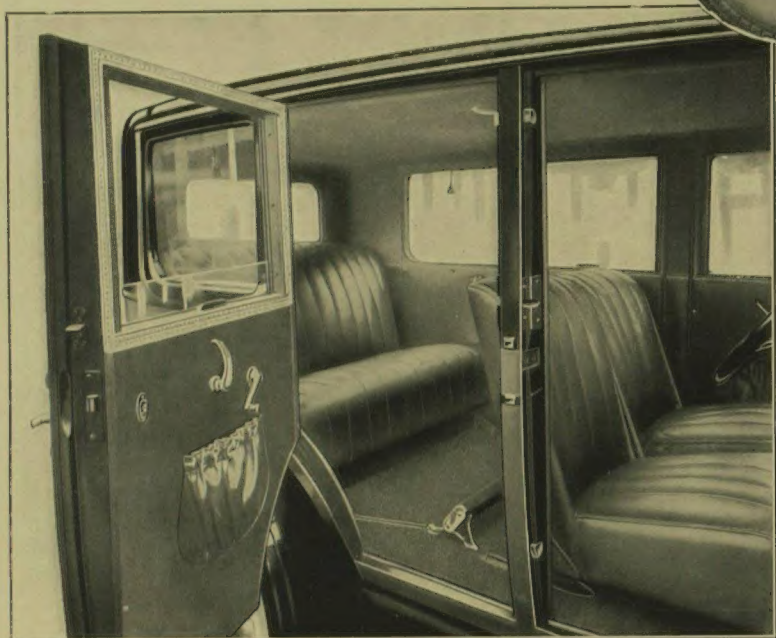
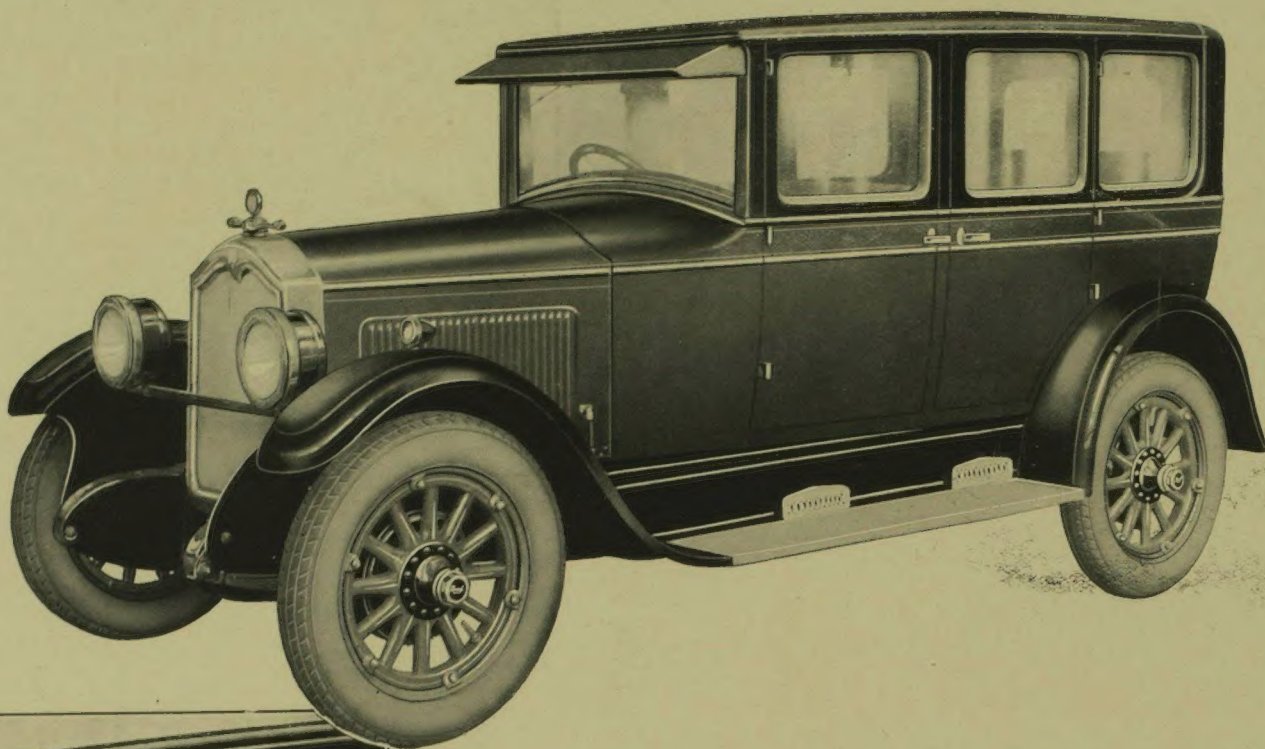
brake or accelerator, gliding through traffic at two miles an hour or accelerating eagerly to twenty — forty — sixty and more miles per hour as opportunity offers.

There is power for every hill, for more speed than you are ever likely to use. There is immunity from trouble in Buick construction, and freedom from anxiety in the mechanical four-wheel brakes. You in your Buick can undertake journeys

of a length and over surfaces that would daunt the owners of most other cars. You will be transported wherever you would go, swiftly, silently, smoothly. After a whole day at the wheel, you will be as fresh as when you started.

Even a short trial run will reveal Buick's companionable, trusty qualities. You must *drive the car yourself*; any Buick dealer will be glad to place a car at your disposal for this purpose.

***When Better Cars are Built
—Buick will Build them***



The Empire Saloon

If you choose this model, one of the brilliant successes of the motoring year, you can be sure that its quiet dignity and beautiful lines will make it dominant wherever cars are gathered together. Body work is finished in charming dark blue Belco—the surface that improves with age. The upholstery is either in grey repp or brown leather of the best British manufacture. Front seats are of the sliding bucket type, adjustable for leg room. Unobstructed vision for the driver is assured, and indirect lighting of the instrument board prevents all glare at night. Accessory equipment is wonderfully complete. Some idea of the interior lay-out and deep-sprung cushioned seating can be gained from this photograph. Leg and head room are ample.

Eight Beautiful Models

In the "Book of the 1927 Buick" the full range of Buick models are illustrated in actual colours and described in detail. Here you will find a type of coachwork to meet your own particular desires, and value for money that defies competition. A copy of this book is yours for the asking. In addition to describing the various models, a complete mechanical story of the Buick is given, with a wealth of photographic illustrations. Buick welcomes comparisons.

On the 114½" Light Chassis

Dominion 2-Door Saloon (upholstered in Grey Cloth or Blue Leather)	£425
Majestic Tourer (in Blue or Maroon — leather upholstery)	£398
Empire 4-Door Saloon (upholstered in Brown Leather or Grey Repp)	£485
Country Club Roadster	£415

On the 128" Master Chassis

Monarch 7-Seater Tourer	£525
Pullman Limousine (7-Seater)	£725
Piccadilly 2-Seater (wire wheels)	£550
Regent 5-Seater Tourer (wire wheels)	£560

Continued.

Having at the beginning of this report said that I found this a surprisingly interesting car, it remains for me to explain why. The reason is that, considering its price, I can find so very little to criticise in its performance. The engine is full of life and power. It picks up swiftly and smoothly after about twenty miles an hour, and it has an alluring way of keeping up a very easy forty to forty-five miles an



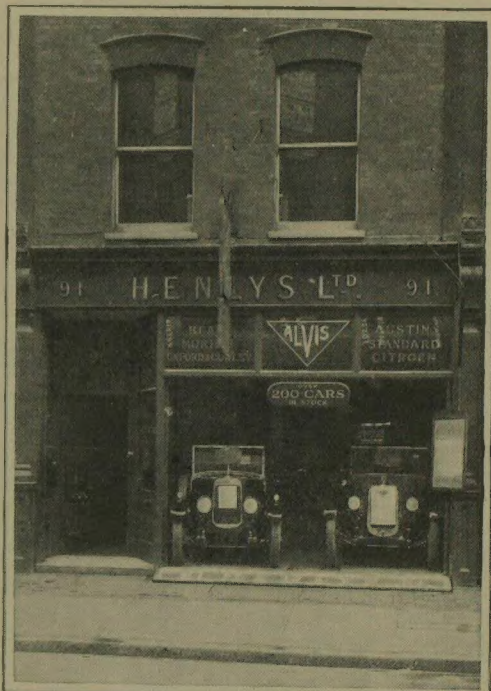
MOTORING AMID SURREY PINES: A 15.9-H.P. HOTCHKISS 1927 MODEL, WITH SPECIAL HOTCHKISS WEYMANN SALOON BODY, IN A LANE NEAR WISLEY HUT.

hour on half-open throttle. There is pronounced crank-shaft vibration on top gear at between eighteen miles and twenty-seven miles an hour, according to the speed indicator fitted. At no other speed except at the maximum—which I judged to be an honest fifty miles an hour—is there any vibration worth mentioning, bearing in mind the price of the complete car. Why this period should make its appearance at that most unusual moment I have no idea; but, considering that the Citroën has so much liveliness and such a capability of easily maintaining speeds like forty-five miles an hour, it is certainly better that the engine, if it must, should vibrate at twenty-three miles an hour rather than at forty-three.

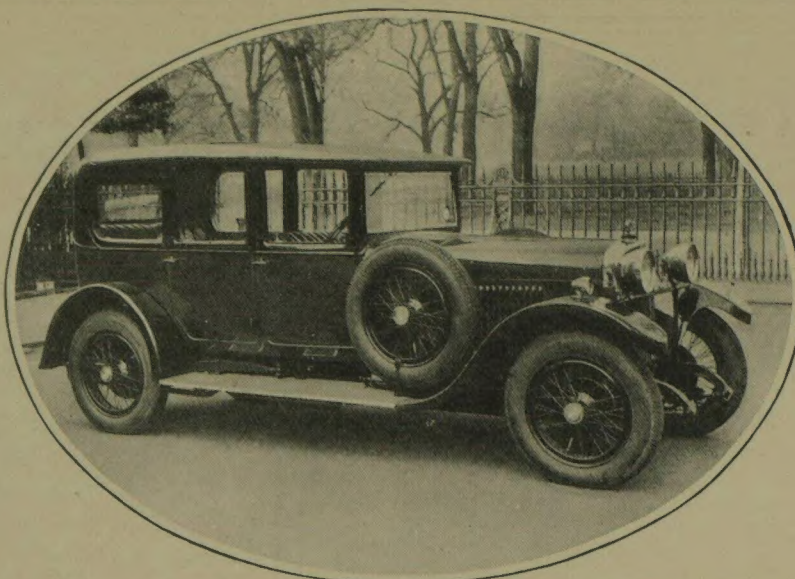
I am not sure, however, that the most surprising feature of this new car is not the quietness of the intermediate gears. The second and first, even at high revolutions, make a great deal less noise than do many corresponding gears on cars I have known which cost far more.

The power curve of this new Citroën must be a good one, as I was unable to detect any flat spots from zero to the maximum. It climbs well and powerfully, and recovers from enforced low engine speed with unabated courage. The steering might be a little lighter, and from time to time I was inclined to suspect a little wheel-wobble, but there was nothing to cause anybody any real discomfort. The springs do their work remarkably well, and the car holds the road round corners and on bad surfaces really satisfactorily. The four-wheel brake set is easily the most powerful I have met on any car approaching this type.

The body-work is really comfortable, which may be gathered from the fact that during the whole of the time I was driving I never consciously shifted my position in the driving seat. The upholstery is



WHERE MESSRS. HENLY'S, LTD., CONDUCTED BUSINESS LESS THAN TEN YEARS AGO: THEIR EARLY SHOW-ROOMS AT 91, GREAT PORTLAND STREET.

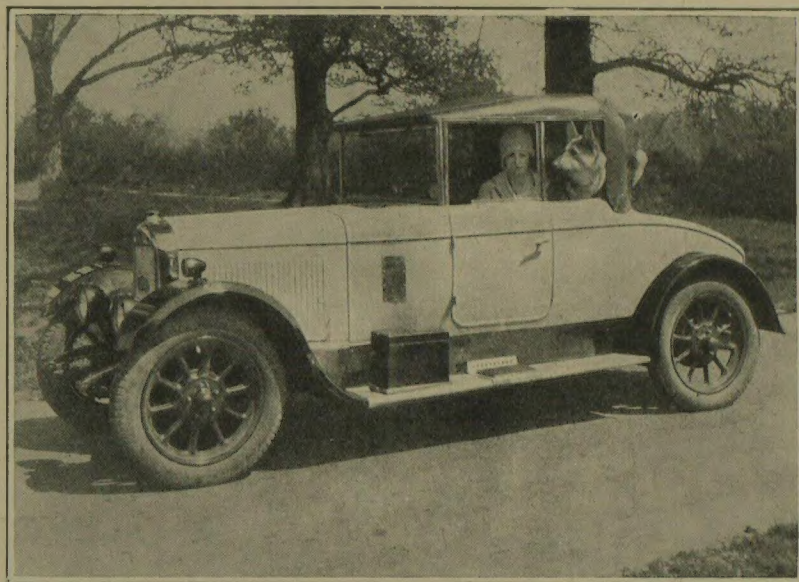


A FINE CAR FOR A BUSINESS MAN: THE 20-H.P. SUNBEAM SALOON RECENTLY SUPPLIED TO MR. PERCY A. BEST, OF SHOOLBREDS, BY MESSRS. PASS AND JOYCE.

This graceful-looking car was recently delivered by Pass and Joyce, Ltd., of 373-5, Euston Road, London, to Mr. Percy Best, Managing Director of James Shoolbred and Co., Ltd. It is fitted with a standard saloon body by Sunbeams, and painted dark smoke-blue, with the usual excellent Sunbeam finish. Firestone tyres, radiator shutters, and a Bosch horn are among the accessories.

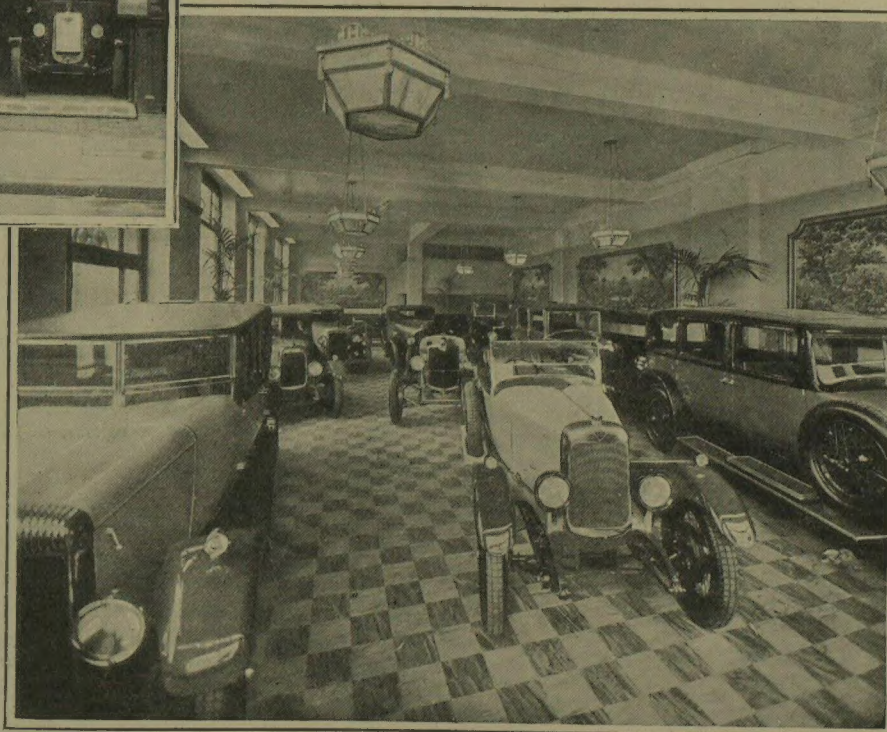
generous, and there is ample leg room behind and in front, as well as the proper amount of elbow room for four people. It is quite decently finished, and there is little trace of mass production about it. It has one or two particularly nice gadgets, one of them being the petrol-gauge dial on the instrument-board, with which is connected a

two-way tap, so that the last gallon in the reservoir is trapped and one need not carry a spare tin. A good automatic wind-screen-wiper is fitted, together with a driving mirror and an inspection lamp.



A NEWCOMER TO MOTORING: MISS MARJORIE BULLOCK (AND FRIEND) IN HER SINGER "SIX" TWO-SEATER.

Miss Marjorie Bullock is the daughter of Mr. W. E. Bullock, the Managing Director of Sirg and Co., Ltd. She has just become a car-owner herself, and has naturally chosen a Singer, in which she is here seen with her pet Alsatian.



MESSRS. HENLY'S LATEST PREMISES TO-DAY: THE INTERIOR OF THEIR NEW ADDITIONAL SHOW-ROOMS AT DEVONSHIRE HOUSE, PICCADILLY, BEAUTIFULLY DECORATED.

The great business of Messrs. Henly's, Ltd., whose new show-rooms at Devonshire House were recently opened, has had a rapid and remarkable growth. It is less than ten years since Mr. Frank Hough and Mr. H. G. Henly started in a tiny show-room at 89, Great Portland Street. Thence they moved to No. 91, and they have since made seven increases of premises. They next acquired large show-rooms at 155-7, Great Portland Street, and a depot for 160 cars at 7-13, Gloucester Place. Last December they decided on the Devonshire House premises, and meanwhile took temporary show-rooms in Long Acre, and bought Camden Brewery, which is being reconstructed as a service station. They have also opened spacious show-rooms at Manchester. Their capital has risen from a few hundred pounds at the start to well over six figures.

The screen for the rear passengers is unusually well carried out, and is certainly one of the best of its kind I have seen. The speedometer again, strangely enough, seemed to me to be as nearly as possible correct. The clock, ammeter, and petrol-gauge are mounted on a white fascia board let into the orthodox dash and "invisibly illuminated." In point of equipment this Citroën is a thoroughly nice job.

I found this new model something quite out of the ordinary run of mass-produced cars, and candidly I consider it very moderately priced at £195.

On Wednesday, May 18, Luton was the scene of an interesting function, when the new Electrolux Works were opened by Sir Robert Horne. Here are made the well-known Electrolux Vacuum Cleaner and Refrigerator, and it is interesting and encouraging to remark that, whereas both are of Swedish invention, the excellence of British workmanship and organisation has led the company to manufacture

them in England, not only for British and Colonial markets, but for the Continent. Electrolux, Ltd., have ambitious schemes for the extension of their Luton Works, including two main-line railway sidings and a model village for employees.

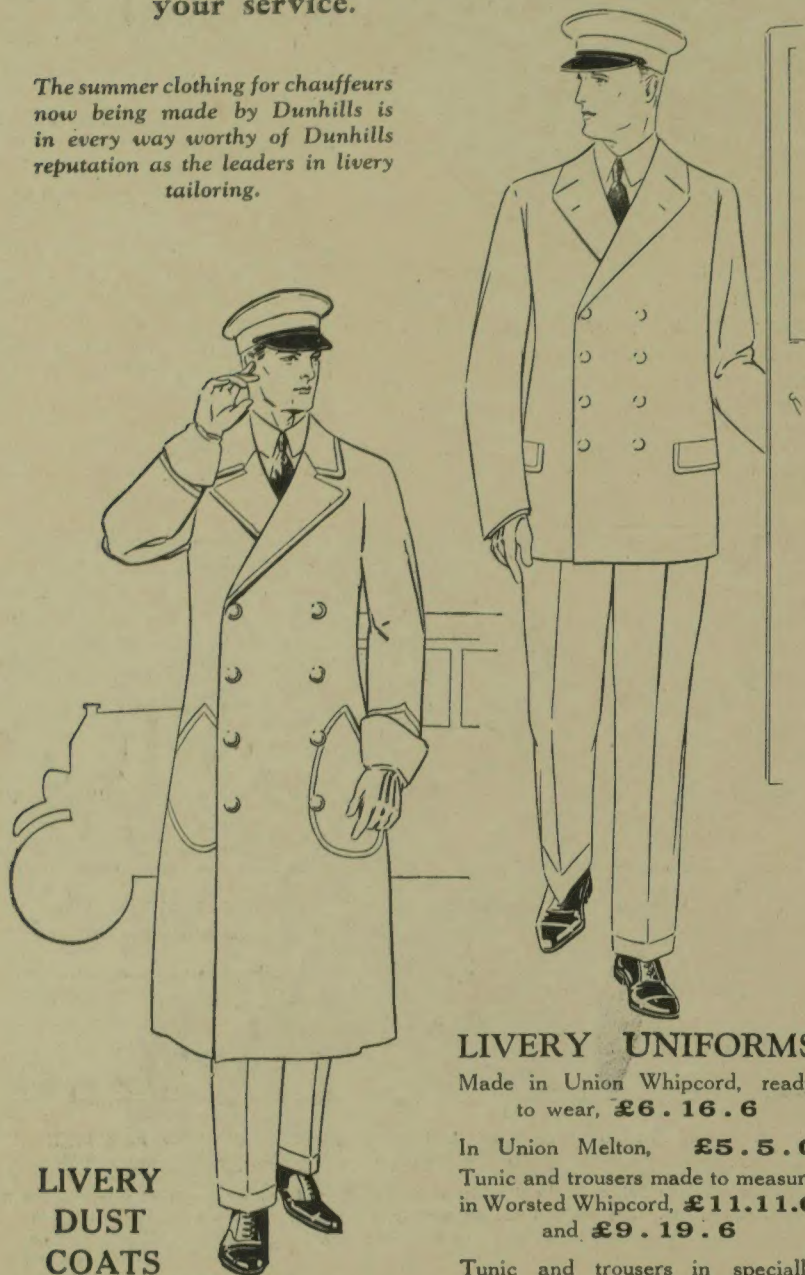
While the Prince of Wales and Prince George were in Spain recently, they went with the Queen of Spain, accompanied by General Primo de Rivera, to visit, at Jerez, the bodegas of the well-known British firm of Gonzalez Byass and Co., of which the Marquis de Terre Soto is a director. Subsequent to their inspection of the sherry and brandy cooperage and bottling departments, the royal party took tea in the Concha (one of the Gonzalez bodegas), where there were two hundred guests present. A sampled cask was then dedicated to King Alfonso and Queen Victoria Eugenie. Both the British Princes signed butts of their respective vintage years, which were dedicated to them.

Your chauffeur

DRESS HIM AT DUNHILLS

Because Dunhills have specialised in clothing chauffeurs since motoring began, their experience is at your service.

The summer clothing for chauffeurs now being made by Dunhills is in every way worthy of Dunhills reputation as the leaders in livery tailoring.



LIVERY DUST COATS

Correctly tailored Livery Dust Coat in Blue or Grey Alpaca **70/-** 47/6 and 37/6
Other materials stocked—prices on application.

Write for patterns and Chauffeurs' Clothing List No. B.10

LIVERY UNIFORMS

Made in Union Whipcord, ready to wear, **£6.16.6**

In Union Melton, **£5.5.0**
Tunic and trousers made to measure in Worsted Whipcord, **£11.11.0** and **£9.19.6**

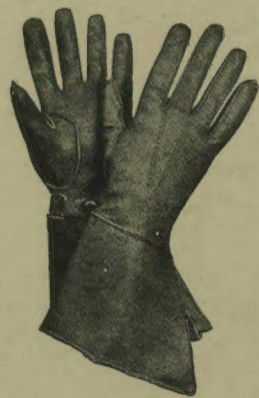
Tunic and trousers in specially milled livery Serge, **£8.8.0**
Waistcoat can be supplied, 21/- extra.

In All-wool Melton, **£12 12s., £10 10s. and £8 8s.**



The SUMAIR CAP (provisionally protected)

A specially designed cap for summer wear. This cap is perfectly ventilated by the introduction of a fine wire gauze all round the top of the band, there is no padding and the weight is only 6 oz. An ideal cap for the driver of a closed car.
Price **17/6**



DRIVING GAUNTLETS

made of good quality Cape leather, strap at wrist.

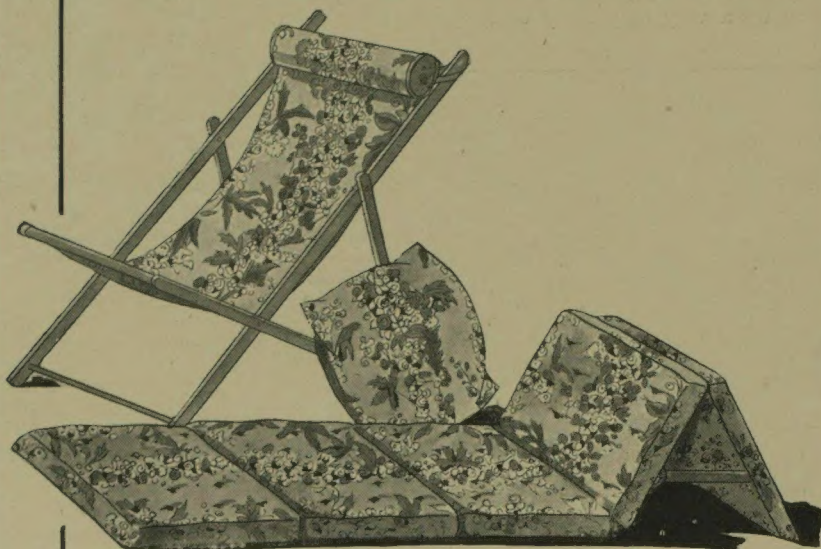
Unlined **10/6** Lined **12/6**

Dunhills

Limited

2, CONDUIT STREET, REGENT STREET, W.1
359 - 361, EUSTON ROAD, LONDON, N.W.1
Also in GLASGOW at 72, ST. VINCENT STREET.

ARTISTIC GARDEN FURNITURE



Deck Chair, with patent fittings to allow removal of cretonne covering, interlined with strong canvas - from **18/9**

Head Cushion with loops - - - - extra **6/9**

Folding Mattress, with mackintosh base for outdoor use. Suitable hammocks, beach or lawn, folds up to form a pouffe seat. When adjusted makes a very comfortable day bed. With rigid supports, as sketch, from **85/6**

Without supports - - - - - **79/6**

Garden Cushions to match, square or oblong shape, from **12/9**

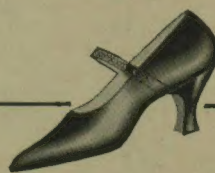
MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
DEBENHAM, LIMITED
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W1

SMART FANCY CRÊPE-DE-CHINE JUMPERS

NEW FANCY CRÊPE-DE-CHINE JUMPER (as sketch), square neck bound plain crêpe-de-Chine and bow to match. Cut with the new deep tucked effect, giving a blouse effect, narrow belt and tie ends of self crêpe-de-Chine. In a variety of artistic designs and colours.

Price **59/6**

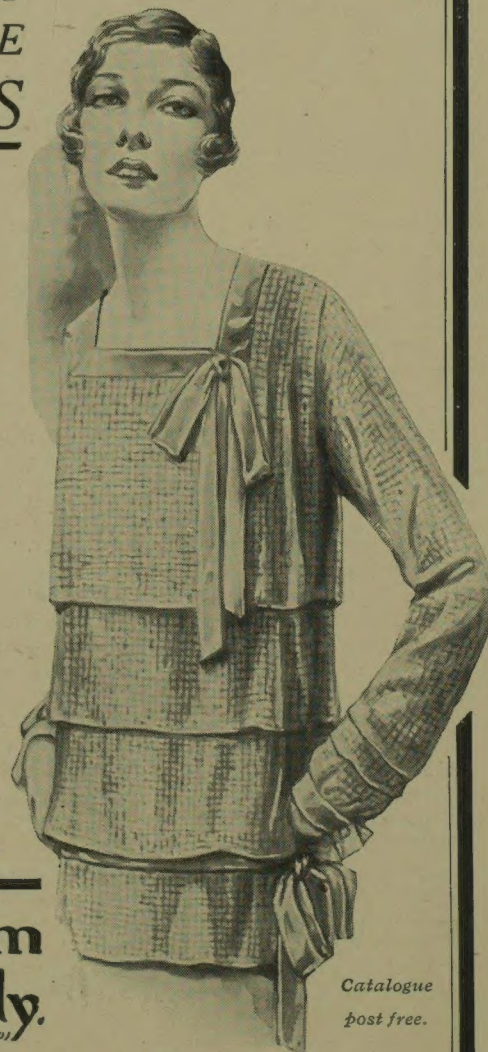
In plain crêpe-de-Chine, in attractive colours, **49/6**



BLACK SATIN DANCE SHOE with broad band of diamanté covering instep, Louis heel.
Price **65/-** per pair.

Debenham & Freebody.
(DEBENHAM, LIMITED)

Wigmore Street,
(Cavendish Square) London, W1



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post free.

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